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MUSIC AND THE WOMAN-SOUL.

All London in dim hurry streams
Beside my door; but I,
Cushioned in comfortable ease,
Repine in apathy.

And flower and plant upon me pall;
Palls too the written page;
The soundless and the sumptuous life,
The splendor of the cage.

Death may some brilliant lightning
flash,
Some waking thunder roll;
But ah! I waste in dreadful calm.
And starve through all my soul.

Only by music am I freed,
In melody find wings;
No written word of poetry
The mighty spaces brings.

Then Sirius far behind me lies,
The Sun is long outsoared;
The Universe is but a sound,
Creation but a chord!

Here can I find my only flight,
Tread where Beethoven trod;
So am I raised, so am I rapt
And lose myself in God!

Stephen Phillips.

The Westminster Gazette.

BEYOND THE WALLS OF PEACE.

If you should meet with one who strays
Beyond the walls of peace,
Who spends the passion of his days
In dreams that never cease,
Oh, tell him that the outcast ways
Find no release.

If you should look into his eyes,
And see the shadow there
Of his dear City's towers and skies,
Where once his heart lay bare,
Oh, tell him those who are most wise
Their vision spare.

If you should see him turn and wait,
Fast bound by his desire,
Beyond the walls disconsolate,
In dreams that never tire,
Oh, tell him that the city gate
Is barred by fire.

No other torches shall divide
The road for his release,
Oh, tell him they stretch dark and
wide,
Long roads that never cease—
If you should meet with one outside
The walls of peace.
Dollie Radford.

THE ROMANY SWAY.

I wish I were a gipsy free
To dance beneath the rowan tree,
To wade in waters cool and sweet
Or press the thyme with naked feet.
I wish I wore a scarlet gown
And ran upon the windy down
To gather mushrooms in the dew,
Sloes and whortleberries blue,
Hips and haws and hazels brown,
For selling in the narrow town,
Where every wide-eyed child would
cry—
"There goes a gipsy passing by!"
And run to buy my wares of me
And wish that he were half as free.

Then with some tea to fill my can
Far out of sight of any man
I'd light my fire and sit and sup
And watch the smoke climb up and
up:
The smoke upon its stairless way
To greet the pine-tree tops and say—
"Those are your boughs that burn so
well."

I'd gather bracken from the dell
To make a pillow for my head,
And every time I turned in bed
Between my eyelid and my cheek
The stars should play at hide-and-seek.

Or if the moon of dreams were high,
I'd be a gipsy that could fly
To visit with the honeybee,
Or chase the swallow o'er the sea;
And in the early morning dark
I'd rise beyond the boldest lark,
And holding to some angel's frock,
I'd enter heaven, and never knock;
And once inside they'd let me stay,
For all would take my part and say—
"Tis but a little gipsy free,
Let be, good doorkeeper, let be!"

Anna Bunston.

The Spectator.

"WHEN ENGLAND AWAKES."

It is important not to misconstrue the European situation in so far as it affects French interests; it is important to see it, for instruction's sake, as it is viewed through French spectacles.

These are the words of warning which I ventured to use several weeks ago in commenting upon the recent Cabinet crisis in France. It is the object of the present article to justify this language.

I.

Frenchmen cherished for a decade and more the illusion that the Alliance with Russia was an earnest of the ultimate recovery of Alsace-Lorraine. It took that length of time for them to comprehend that the armies of the Dual Alliance were the armies of the Hague; that neither the Tsar nor their own rulers had contemplated by the Alliance any other aim than that of defence; that the sole positive good which the Alliance was intended to secure was the maintenance of European equilibrium, and that they who had looked to it as a potential instrument of *révanche* had been tragically duped.

When France realized that the Russian Alliance meant not only that things must be as they had been, but that all hope of better days was gone, the plight of the nation was one that might have given rise to a certain sullen resentment. Such resentment did, in fact, exist to a certain degree among the generations that remembered the war of 1870. Upon the younger generation, on the contrary, the consequence of their slow perception of the real significance, in its European bearings, of the pact with Russia was strangely different. Little by little the notion of *révanche* faded from the forefront of the French consciousness and gave way to a kind of supine satisfaction with the idea of security implied

in the existence of the Alliance. If the Alliance was to be no longer interpreted as a means of realizing French dreams, it meant, at all events, the inexpressible boon of peace. The French soul tended to become relaxed. Humanitarianism, pacifism, anti-militarism, began to flourish rankly all over French soil. France had been *cocardier* up to 1890. The Russian Alliance gradually calmed her nerves, dissipated her fears, lulled her to sleep. Strong in her faith in the loyalty of Russia to keep strict watch over the German dogs of war in case they seemed to be preparing to leap across her eastern frontier, France, the Republic, was free to respond, without loss of dignity, or dread of the consequences, to the cajoleries and flatteries of the German Kaiser. If he had continued to cajole instead of blunderingly beginning to menace, humanitarianism might have gangrened the whole of France.

One public man of eminence in France, and one public man alone, President Grévy, had a foreign policy which might have saved his country from some of the psychological consequences and from the positive sequence of events that ensued. President Grévy never tired of preaching the utility of isolation, the danger of entangling alliances. But he was overruled, and successive Ministers in France who extolled the Russian Alliance hoped not merely to assure European equilibrium, but to maintain European peace by holding Germany in check. They were also aiming indirectly at the great secular rival of their country, Great Britain. Notwithstanding Bismarck's efforts to thwart the inception of the Franco-Russian Alliance, the heirs of his policy found in the Franco-Russian Alliance, one of their most magnificent op-

portunities. What the Germans rapidly perceived was that in the Dual Alliance, by the nature of things, German hegemony was in being. By that Alliance the traditional bellicose France was paralyzed. With a splendid and almost diabolic ingenuity Germany evolved a scheme for utilizing the Alliance in her own interest. She did all in her power to fan the embers of Anglo-French discord by favoring French colonial expansion. She was aware that the first result would be to pit France against England under every clime and on every sea; the second, that young ambitious Italy would become the deadly foe of France; and the third that she herself would ultimately be able to dictate to a divided Europe the direction of European policy. For long years German foresight was confirmed to the letter. The daring, diabolic and ingenious plan for preventing French resiliency was for a time beautifully successful. France and England came into dangerous collision everywhere. Italy and France glared at each other in Tunis and over the Dauphiné passes, while the Triple Alliance was being slowly consolidated. Successive German Chancellors rubbed their hands in glee, and German hegemony assumed the aspect of a pillar of cloud by day and almost of fire by night.

But the German plan succeeded too admirably. The Greeks, who were practical psychologists, noted that a Nemesis dogs the steps of a man or nation addicted to the unpardonable sin of ἕβρις — insolent pride. There came a time, amid the multiple shocks which harassed the nerves of British and French Foreign Ministers, as the lines of British and French Colonial expansion dovetailed throughout the world, when the chances of peace or war between France and England seemed to hang by a thread. Both Powers, after Fashoda, awoke to the

idea that they had been playing the German game; that while they had been irritating one another by constant pin-pricks, Germany had been looming more and more menacingly on the horizon. The scales seemed to drop simultaneously from their eyes. They saw—with the clearness, ironically presented, in the fulness of time, by those superb comic situations staged by the Zeit Geist—that either they must go to war for the benefit of Germany or that they must come to an understanding, in their common interest, to the discomfiture of a common rival. Fashoda was the fork on their Damascus road. The revelation which together they received there flung into the most dazzling light the whole maliciousness of the German scheme, of which they had been for years the blindly unconscious dupes. Such was the beautifully logical birth of that Entente Cordiale which shattered as by a thunderbolt a German policy which had lasted, and succeeded, for nearly two decades.

II.

For some months Germany lay stunned and prone. The incredible had happened. There had been long years in the nineties when the Wilhelmstrasse must have known as well as every Parisian that England was even more hated in France than the Power which had dismembered that country in the Galerie des Glaces at Versailles. The possibility that England and France could ever come to terms was not taken in Germany as even a remote contingency. It was regarded as a political absurdity. Yet the incredible had happened. And, irony of ironies, it had occurred simply as a consequence of the over-weening success of the Bismarckian plan.

After the first discountenancing blow it was not surprising that the German Chancellerie was a long time pulling itself together. Germany's uncouth

movements and gestures in seeking to wreck the new combination of the Entente Cordiale; her futile efforts in Spain, before the accession of the young Sovereign, to balk the Mediterranean policy of M. Delcassé, and to sweep that Power into the orbit of the Triple Alliance; her invention finally of the Moroccan Question, as a means of cleaving in two the Franco-British block which had only just been welded; her nervous, violently aggressive manner, so *cousue de fil blanc*, however, as the French say,—all these are facts which are fresh in the memory not only of the professional politician, but of the ordinary observer. And the more Germany wriggled, contrived, meddled and stormed, the more rooted became the Entente Cordiale in the hearts of Frenchmen and of Englishmen, the more natural seemed the miracle, the more real the joy of the two Chancelleries and of the two peoples. Only a few keen-sighted observers in either country appeared to realize, amid the strains of optimistic jubilation in which England and France welcomed the reconciliation and the now "definitive" establishment of European equilibrium, that Germany, by the Titanic blunder of her old Bismarckian non-colonial policy, had closed to herself almost every habitable corner of the globe, which she had complacently handed over to France, England and Italy; yet that she had developed a great material civilization, with instincts of economic and commercial expansion which must find an outlet or burst. Only a few appeared to perceive that she was not likely to accept the new *status quo* created by the Triple Entente, and that every practical device which astute *Real Politik*, unshackled by scruple or fanatical idealism, and inspired by patriotic national selfishness, could suggest or invent, would be utilized for the destruction of that pact which seemed to

have established the balance of power in Europe.

If it had not been for the issue of the Russo-Japanese War, a result utterly unforeseen by the Quai d'Orsay, and the perilous consequences of which from the point of view of French interests had never been taken into account in France, the French nation might have continued, like the English, to remain, as a whole, blandly ignorant of the strategic conditions and of the international relations on the Continent of Europe. To be sure the Algeiras Conference and the Casablanca incident were yet to intervene as object-lessons for the most indifferent; but the defeat of the Russian ally, Russian paralysis as a military power for some years to come, was an event which, at the time, opened the eyes of even the least discerning of French observers. While it enabled them to divine the causes, perhaps better than they otherwise might have done, of the audacity of Germany in her Moroccan policy, it also enhanced for them the value of the Entente with England, and made them all the more vigilant as to the preservation of that Entente, according to the conception of it cherished by its promoters. British politics, both domestic and foreign, were bound to be watched by Frenchmen with as jealous an eye as their own, and even more carefully and jealously than they watched those of Russia. England had taken the place of Russia in French affections. In the same breath in which Frenchmen repudiated, and sincerely repudiated, the notion that the reason why the Entente was dear to them was because it meant to them a possible *revanche*, and insisted, and sincerely insisted, on the fact that they longed above all for European peace, they acknowledged that the Entente was possible only because it satisfied the common interest of France and England in thwarting

the manœuvres of a common foe. That foe was Germany, who was imperilling British sea-power after having torn great strips of flesh from the side of France.

France does not desire war, but she does not wish for a peace which is a "peace at any price." During the past few years, for the first time, perhaps, in history since the Dukes of Normandy ceased to govern both at Caen and London, Frenchmen have honestly, even cordially, desired the well-being of England. Every event which can contribute to England's greatness is to them a sincere joy. Every incident that tends to diminish England's prestige, alter her traditions, weaken her as a world-power, is regarded in France with surprise and with something akin to dismay. I am speaking of the rank and file of the French nation, and the pervasive genuine goodwill of Frenchmen towards England is a fact which stands for all that it is worth, all that it is possible to make out of it for diplomatic ends, even in face of minor differences between the two Governments. But the one thing that Frenchmen see with an almost uncanny clearness is that for France to remain France, England must not cease to be England. When even a Lord Curzon hopes to settle such a question as that of Muscat by an appeal to sentiment, the French wonder if the businesslike and level-headed England with which they have fought on a hundred battlefields, the same England with which they fancied they had come to terms, has suddenly vanished from the map. They see in such a fact as this, as in the rhythm of the humanitarian *sabbat* to which all England seems to them now to be dancing, the evidence of British insularity, the sign of England's ignorance as to the strategic conditions that govern European politics, the apparently hopeless confirmation, in a word, of such language as George Mer-

edith often used to me: "England's political intelligence runs to horns." And when Lord Haldane seeks to drive Field-Marshal Lord Roberts into a corner, by his witty but inept statement that Lord Roberts is insisting upon preparing for the "logically possible" instead of for the "reasonably probable," Frenchmen ask themselves in what world of mediæval scholasticism that Minister acquired his dialectics.

Adversity has made France of the Third Republic a cannier people than was the nation which fell into the snare of the mendacious telegrams of Ems. She has been bruised and buffeted by England, humiliated and flaunted by Germany. Even other than a French intelligence could be counted upon to learn something from so harsh an experience. When one has been the dupe of one's generous sentiments and of one's doctrinaire notions of right, the chances are that one will try to mend one's ways and adopt a more prudent attitude. French foreign politics have begun to become practical, after having been as sublimely and as dangerously disinterested as were those of the ideologue Gladstone. Europe seems to find it difficult to realize that business methods and prudent self-interest can ever dominate at the Quai d'Orsay. It still thinks France amenable to blandishment and ready to follow the will o' the wisps of idealism. The sooner her friends and allies learn that France realizes as keenly as Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg that Europe is Europe, that Continental politics are not politics in a leyden jar, and that the old saying still holds good, "that the weak will be the prey of the strong," we shall have less talk of the sterility of the Triple Entente, no more of a certain *flottement* in that whilom stable pact, and Germany, it may be hoped, will be allowed to expand to her heart's content in regions far removed from the danger-spots in

which she has of late been so meddlesomely (and solely owing to the lack of harmony of the French, Russian and British Chancelleries) demonstrating the inefficiency of the Triple Entente.

The Triple Entente may not be an Alliance in the technical sense of the word, but the feeling in France is that if it be not, *for all practical purposes*, an Alliance, it is a snare and a delusion. No Frenchman is inclined to quarrel over the choice of a word to describe the relations between France and England: modern politics are not a branch of semantics, and French experience of the connotation of the word "Alliance" as employed in description of the Franco-Russian pact, is not calculated, as we have seen, to arrest the growth of a salutary scepticism as to the utility of "alliances." But if the relations between England and France, if the words "Entente Cordiale" and "Triple Entente" mean anything, they, at all events, mean a common sense of the general interests uniting the three Powers, England, France and Russia, and they ought to mean, above all, as the *Times* and the *Temps* are in agreement in acknowledging, that these three Powers have one vital interest: the maintenance of the European equilibrium. What every Frenchman wants to know is whether Englishmen have as keen a sense as they have of the reality of this vital interest. The gratitude of France for the inestimable services rendered her by England during the early period of the Entente Cordiale, when the Moroccan imbroglio menaced the peace of Europe, is still a living sentiment throughout French society. But if the French Parliament, if the French public, drew any lesson from that long protracted and anxious period, it was that humanitarian aspirations are a dangerous luxury. They perceived that of the two great blunders committed by the otherwise impeccable statesman, M. Del-

cassé,—his blindness to the fact that in allowing Russia to go to war with Japan France suffered her ally to paralyze her efficiency in Europe, and his neglect to secure for France the army and the navy of his policy, the latter was incomparably the more unpardonable and the most heinous. M. Clemenceau, when Prime Minister, left the British Foreign Office no peace in his constant iteration of the evident fact that England seems bent on repeating the blunder of M. Delcassé. One of M. Clemenceau's main objects was to convert the Entente into a military treaty of defensive alliance. No one saw more clearly than he that "splendid isolation" in the Europe of to-day is an impossible ideal for England. His views have become those of his reflecting compatriots, as they have observed that in proportion as German energy became more rampant England seemed to be curling her European antennæ inward, to be losing her European sense and to be becoming more and more deeply, I had almost said stupidly, self-absorbed. No one in France is ashamed to own that France has need of England. But every one in France is astounded that Englishmen do not realize that they have even greater need of France. French respect for England's judgment and self-poise receives a rude blow when Englishmen are seen to be allowing their domestic island interests, or even the grave and beautiful heraldic interests inspired by the noble hieratic ceremony of the Coronation, to preoccupy them to the exclusion of all sense of their relative position in the world and of the potentially critical aspects of their Imperial contacts. The French are wondering whether all England has not fallen a victim to the sleeping sickness. Above a supine people the all-but-isolated figure of Lord Roberts looms for their vision with gigantic proportions. They had counted on Eng-

land because England had taught them to dread and to admire her. Yet now England seems to them to be selling her birthright of practical sense and of world-wide dominion for futile domestic measures of corrosive import, and dangerous humanitarian dreams that seem to them the negation of an intelligent foreign policy. The one condition of efficiency for the Entente, as well as of European peace, is seen in France to be that England should have the Army and Navy of her traditional policy. Lord Curzon put it admirably when he said that in England the Foreign Secretary was exactly in the position of Moses in the battle with the Amalekites: his two hands had to be held up by the Ministers for the Army and the Navy. France cannot fight—even at Constantinople—the battles of the English alone. Yet Lord Haldane rejects the warnings of Lord Roberts and of the Military Correspondent of the *Times*;¹ Sir Edward Grey calls down upon his head the crushing retort of the German Chancellor; and when Mr. Jowett asks the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs "If, during his term of office, any undertaking, promise, or understanding had been given to France, that in certain eventualities British troops would be sent to assist the operations of the French Army," the answer is "In the negative." The pretty little German pocket atlas for 1910 published by the great house of Justus Perthes dubs the North Sea "Deutsche Meer," so that now, as the French weekly newspaper *L'Opinion* reminds us, Great Britain *se trouve donc baignée par la mer allemande*. Yet there are little Englanders still. The abolition of the meridian of Paris with the substitution for it of that of Greenwich has its compensations; but, in France, at all events,

such events as this are not regarded as being in themselves a sufficiently characteristic justification of the *raison d'être* of the Entente Cordiale during a period of eighteen months in which Germany—after having, in collusion with Count Aehrenthal, shuffled all the Balkan cards and re-arranged the map of Europe—has been negotiating so effectively with Russia that a man like M. Hanotaux can write, however extravagantly: *les entretiens de Potsdam ont créé, de l'aveu de tous, une situation telle qu'on est bien obligé de se demander, maintenant, si la Russie a rompu le pacte de la Triple Entente*. M. Pichon beautifully explained before he fell from office that Russia had done nothing of the kind and that all was for the best in the best of all possible Triple Ententes. Sir Edward Grey has echoed his words in the same key of optimism, forgetting as well as his colleague of the Quai d'Orsay, that although Constantinople is to-day the diplomatic *ομφαλος*, the centre where the European equilibrium of the future must be delicately evolved, it is the place above all others where France and England seem incapable of a common action. M. Pichon backs the *Times*, or the *Times* backs M. Pichon, on the question of Flushing; but the *Times* is not the British Government, and as little has been heard of the late French Foreign Minister's protests for the defence of Belgian neutrality, as has been heard of the fate of the British ultimatum presented to the Persian Government and ridiculously backed out of to the astonishment of the Quai d'Orsay. But German *welt-politik* follows the line linking the two horns of a crescent which might well pass for the great type-dilemma: that of Koweit-Flushing. Every one knows now how Russia has solved that dilemma, what Russia thinks of the problem of the Baghdad Railway. She has left France and England to their own devices to settle

¹ The preservation of France from an attack [by Germany before the weight of Russia begins to tell] is absolutely vital for our [England's] subsequent security. — *Times*, April 7.

matters together—or apart—as best they can; and pending the liquidation of this affair England is arming an expedition in the Persian Gulf to undo the anti-British work of anarchy and piracy complacently favored by France at Muscat. When the French public note facts of this nature, as they are noting them, when they behold, as M. Tardieu, the foreign editor of the *Temps*, has soberly enough put it—and M. Ribot, who has confirmed M. Tardieu, seems to have obtained a sympathetic auditor in the Foreign Minister, M. Cruppi—that *il semble admis que chacun doit aller de son côté sans concert, sans communication préalable au petit bonheur*, they conclude that *chancellerie* is not so bad a name to describe the rocking-chairs in which, with discordant rhythm, the Foreign Ministers of the Triple Entente have been agitating, in unmethodical conversation, ever since the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, the graver questions of European policy. *O mi fili, quam parca cum sapientia regitur mundus!*

It would be an unfortunate thing if Frenchmen were to draw from their perception of the hollowness of certain official optimistic assurances as to the integrity and efficiency of the Triple Entente the conclusion that they would act wisely in seeking gracefully to withdraw from a pact which has served its time. It would be unfortunate for them and it would be unfortunate for England if they should take to meditating too strenuously on the idea recently put to them by an ex-Foreign Minister, M. Hanotaux, in his sensational article, "*Il Faut Choisir*." It would be unfortunate because it is too late now to return to the principle of President Grévy. Germany was not Germany when that statesman extolled for his country a policy of absolute isolation; but Germany is Germany to-day. And at the same time England was England

then, but England is not the same England now. That England should once more become England is the crying European need and the most genuine longing of France.

III.

But if I have felt it to be in the interest of the Entente Cordiale, and, by the same token, in the interest of peace, to reflect with unflinching frankness and completeness the feeling that is abroad in France with regard to Anglo-French relations, with regard to the Triple Entente, and with regard to the European situation, I am bound to report the fact that official utterances in that country may all be summed up in the phrase: *malgré tout, il ny a pas lieu d'être pessimiste*. And if you press your interlocutor to justify this negative form of optimism he will set forth ingeniously some such considerations as these:

It might legitimately be argued that the anxiety caused among certain friends of the Triple Entente by the rapprochement between Russia and Germany (and do not forget that, as Sir Edward Grey and M. Pichon, M. Ribot, and M. Cruppi have insisted, that anxiety is absurd) is counterbalanced by the feeling of uncertainty aroused among the partisans of the Triple Alliance by the same rapprochement. If France and England have, in a way, been left in the lurch (partially by our own fault), by the independent action of our partner Russia, in coming to terms with Germany with regard to matters on which it would seem to have been to the common interest of the three Powers. Russia, France, and England, to act in unison, Austria-Hungary is, at the same time, cherishing grave misgivings as to the disinterested action of Germany. The Wilhelmstrasse has given several indications of its intention to reap as many advantages as the situation can offer out of the hostility evoked in Russia by Count Aehrenthal's magnificently audacious annexation policy. It is Ger-

man, and not Austrian, prestige that has been enhanced by the success of Count Aehrenthal's schemes, and not only has Germany as yet done nothing to restore cordial relations between Austria and Russia, but she may even be plausibly accused of a desire to apply to the Austrian Foreign Minister the same impertinent anathema which she used against M. Delcassé. That operation, to be sure, might please Russia, but it could hardly fail to wound Austrian susceptibilities. However this may be, what seems obvious is that the alleged dangers to which the Triple Entente is exposed by the so-called Potsdam interview are offset by a certain relaxation of the bonds uniting Germany and Austria, so that things are virtually where they were before the rapprochement between Russia and Germany.

This impression is all the more susceptible of an optimistic interpretation from the point of view of the interests of the Triple Entente, as it is notoriously the case that Italy, the third partner in the Triple Alliance, is to all actual intents and purposes a loyal friend of the Dual Alliance. To-morrow, in Tunisian waters, the French, Italian, and British flags are to unite the colors of the Mediterranean Triple Entente, and the guns of the three fleets are to salute the President of the Republic with salvos of artillery, the echoes of which, even without wireless telegraphy, will be heard, you may be sure, in Berlin.

It may even be not altogether to be regretted that a new man—not any particular new man, but some new man—should assume the responsibility for French foreign policy. The new French Minister for Foreign Affairs takes office, therefore, at a moment when, however uncertain the state of Europe, the essential elements in the problem of the maintenance of European equilibrium are intact, and when, to use M. Delcassé's phrase, it is imperative for France to *pratiquer* her alliances and her friendships. The action of Russia in accepting a rapprochement with Germany need entail no more untoward consequence for

Franco-Russian friendship than did the amicable overtures of France to Austria, and the somewhat lukewarm protests of the Quai d'Orsay against Count Aehrenthal's action, at a moment when a sturdier attitude on the part of France might, perhaps, have thwarted the entire annexation policy. The truth is that each of the two great groups of Powers has been rudely shaken by the successive shocks of the last eighteen months; but it is inconceivable in the nature of things—that is to say, in the nature of European things—that the Triple Entente should not recover its old time efficiency. It may be said of its members that united they stand and divided they fall. When England awakes she will see this fact as clearly as we, and we can desire nothing better than that Germany should go on waking her.

When *England Awakes*, as the last word of an official utterance, is, after all, an unwitting and fairly disquieting confirmation of the general pessimism which the labored argument that I have summed up was intended to demolish. The only conclusion that I personally draw from the preceding analysis of French feeling, and from the form assumed by official optimism, is that for the Entente Cordiale, as for the Triple Entente, there is no time to be lost, *il ne reste plus de fautes à commettre*. Now that, since the departure of M. Pichon, France possesses a Government ready to *pratiquer* her alliances and her friendships, England would be more than shortsighted, she would be ignoring her own interests, no less than the interests of European peace, were she, at this juncture, draping herself in her Coronation robes, to allow France to cry over the Channel, into her indifferent ears, the words of Henry IV. to Crillon: "We have conquered at Arques, but you were not there, my Crillon."

Wm. Morton Fullerton.

FAIRIES — FROM SHAKESPEARE TO MR. YEATS.

Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed
The air is delicate.—*Macbeth*.

The fairies, after a long retirement, have lately made their appearance again in English poetry. Allusions to them never did, nor could, wholly disappear thence, but for a long time they figured rather as part of the regular poetical convention, than as objects of personal interest. They are with us again now, and it is curious to compare the fairies of to-day with those of the earlier time, when first they passed from the imagination of the people into that of the poets. Shakespeare, of course, comes first and foremost, as a summoner of the fairy tribes; he is unquestionably the chief authority for all details respecting them, and he shows them to us, in the full possession of a Paradise, that they seem, since his days to have lost. We refer to him for knowledge of their habits, tastes, and social economy, as freely and undoubtingly as we do to Milton for all detailed information about Adam and Eve, and the arrangements of the Garden of Eden.

Before Shakespeare's day there is wonderfully little about fairies in anything that has come down to us. Even in Chaucer's time, their golden age was supposed to be past,

For now can no man see no elvè's mo—

he says in the *Wife of Bath's Tale*. The Renaissance might have done something for them, but so far from that, it produced a perfect crop of nymphs and shepherds, who filled up every space that a fairy might have occupied. Philomela and Terius, Cupid and Campaspe, one meets at every turn, but of fairies there continues to be a plentiful lack, even where the occasion seems to call

aloud for them. In Spenser's *Epithalamion*, for instance, it would seem natural, almost inevitable, that Oberon and Titania should hold their revels, as on Theseus' wedding night, and bring a blessing to the hearth. Not at all. Hymen, Phoebus, the Cyprian Queen, Phœbe, Bacchus, the Graces, Jove and Fair Alcmena appear, either by invitation or by way of allusion, and Saints and Angels sing "Hallelujah," whenever there is a pause in the chorus of "Hymen, Hymen, Hymen," but never a fairy all the while. The only allusions to them, are to Hobgoblins, Ponkes, or Evil Sprights, who are classed with "shrieck oules," night ravens, damned ghosts, "griesly vultures" and frogs, as creatures who must be kept at a distance from the wedding festival. As to the *Faerie Queen* itself, one cannot truthfully say that the fairies are further concerned in it, than in giving it a name. The allegorical intention is too predominant, to allow a single real fairy to come near its borders, not one of them, even for a moment, could breathe its atmosphere, so laden with moral purpose. Its noble charm is independent of what fairyland can do for it.

It is really curious, considering how largely fairies must have figured in the popular imagination of the time, how little place they hold in the poetry. Percy gives only the *Ballad of Robin Goodfellow*, which has been ascribed to Ben Jonson, and a song called *The Fairy Queen*, published in 1658, and sounding like a reminiscence of *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The poets had their heads too full of the classics to find any place for Oberon and Titania. It was left for Shakespeare to bring them into the circle of classic allusion and everyday life, and to put Oberon and Puck beside Theseus and Hyppo-

lita, and also beside Bottom the weaver, and Snug the joiner, in one common, intermingling company.

Mercutio first, in Shakespeare's early days, gave a fanciful sketch of these fairy folk in their relation to dreams, and that first hint is more fully worked out later, when Queen Mab becomes Titania. She changes some of her attributes in the course of the transformation, or rather they are handed over to Robin Goodfellow, all the rough frolicking, the bucolic practical joking, for which she becomes too dainty a lady. Bottom's lady-love is, oddly enough, of a far more refined type than the Fairy Queen conjured up by that very fine gentleman, Mercutio.

In Shakespeare's mind, three several conceptions of the fairy folk seem to be conflicting, or at least acting together throughout *Midsummer Night's Dream*, sometimes one predominating, sometimes another. First comes the idea represented in parts of Mercutio's speech, of the dainty, tricksey elfin sprites of diminutive size, "Hanging a pearl in every cowslip's ear," creeping into the acorn cups, robbing the bees of their honeybags, and the squirrels of their nut hoards, and fanning away the moon-beams with butterflies' wings; tiny flower-like creatures, as light and fragile as the gossamer that floats in the summer air.

Secondly, he sometimes seems to be thinking of them as larger and statelier beings, not far removed from the gods and goddesses of the classic in size, habits, and associations. When Oberon and Titania meet in the Second Act of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, their mutual chiding is all in the terms of Greek literature. Oberon is accused of having taken the form of Corin the Shepherd, to woo the "amorous Philida," and Hyppolita, too, is his "buskined mistress" and his warrior love, while Theseus becomes the lover of Titania in Oberon's jealous answers.

The little changeling page may have been the cause of the quarrel's beginning, but he is by no means the only bone of contention. They are evidently mixing with mortals on terms of more or less equal association, and apparently this is an unnatural and undesirable state of things. The fairy world is thrown out of joint, direful results follow to the world of mortals also, the King and Queen themselves have destroyed their domestic happiness and fallen into all manner of varied entanglements, and all this is brought about by their dangerous intercourse with mortal kind. The true elfin life, with its proper quality of pleasures, is restored in the end when, renouncing mortal loves, they bless the bridal of Theseus.

Thirdly, there is the Robin Goodfellow conception of the fairies, the rougher type, approaching to the nature of the hob-goblin, playing rude pranks, and not free from touches of darker and more sinister association. Puck keeps very mixed company at times, we gather. The allusions or similes he makes in passing, show us how much he differs from those whom we may call the fairies of the Court. He belongs to nature in her darker aspects as none of the others do. Oberon in one of his most classic moments bids Puck

Cover the starry welkin
With drooping fog as black as Acheron;

and he is fond of talking of "screech owls," wandering ghosts, damned spirits, and such small deer. In Act ii, Scene 3, one gets the impression that Oberon is a little shocked, or disagreeably struck at least, by Puck's choice of topics. He interrupts him in the midst of his description of the

Damnèd ghosts,
That in cross-ways and floods have
burial,

and breaks in hastily with "But *ice* are spirits of another sort," as if in a kind of reproof. There are moments when one would hardly take one's oath that Puck might not have consorted with such comrades as the foul fiend Flibbertygibbet, of whom Edgar said, "he begins at curfew and walks to the first cock, he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye and makes the hare lip, mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creatures of the earth." Puck is a strange, hybrid kind of creature, with puzzling, contradictory suggestions and elements about him, with touches of malice, and here and there he brings a hint of fear. But, on the whole, the three conceptions are so blent together, so inwoven, that they leave one clear abiding impression on the mind; of joy, and elfin mirth and delicate delight.

These fairy sprites of Shakespeare's mind touch on human life in a spirit of irresponsible dainty mischief, not unkindly, but treating the mortals as playthings and puppets. The intercourse may not agree with them, but it does not sadden or embitter them. They are far more closely and intimately concerned with the affairs of nature than with those of the human kind. Killing cankers in the musk-rose buds, is really a business of far more consequence than superintending the loves of Hermia and Lysander. The one is a thing that must be regularly attended to, the other an occasional recreation. The fairy and the mortal worlds are two totally different schemes of being, even when, at times, they run side by side. Their measurements of time and space have no relation to one another, and the right equilibrium of each is only attained, as I say, when they cease to be intermixed. The agency of each on the other had been, on the whole, an incalculable, disturbing, disconcerting element, though it has its compensations

of pleasure and interest. It has done neither party any lasting harm. Even to the fairies it has been worth while, and how infinitely so to us.

The Tempest has its elves too. They are of a somewhat different race, these last sweet sprites of Shakespeare's imagination. They are never called fairies, but sprites, a rather higher order of beings, one supposes. But they have the teasing capricious ways of the fairy kind. Ariel's tasks may be compared to Puck's, and so may his journeys, but they are fleetier and further and more fanciful. He can transform himself into a nymph of the sea or a harpy, but his most natural and habitual seeming is, to all intents and purposes, that of a fairy.

The atmosphere is different, so very different, from that of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, a thinner, clearer air.

The climate's delicate: the air most sweet.

Fertile the isle.

Here, we are in the native home of the sprites, they have not followed the mortals to their earthly haunts, as in *Midsummer Night's Dream*. But a mortal has the upper hand. The fairies are under domination, and meddle in human affairs in obedience to human judgment, not at their own sweet will. This is not a permanent or desirable state of things, however. Freedom is to be Ariel's reward. When Prospero sails away we know that the island people, "the elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves," are returning to their multitudinous, joyous spirit life, delighting to be free from the human interference that had never been anything but an oppression. Even while it brought scarce-desired benefits, it had introduced also clumsy, hampering, bewildering conditions and tasks. Prospero knows that, when he bids them farewell. It is a kind of inversion of *Midsummer Night's Dream*,

where the fairy influence predominates over the mortals, following them into their own world. In the *Tempest* there is almost a fore-shadowing of the modern aspect of the fairy world, in which its people are brought into close and constant relations with human-kind, to the over-shadowing of their joy. Shakespeare recognized the pity of that. Ariel may have to pay the price of his deliverance from the split pine, in far journeyings and fantastic labors; but in the end the price is paid, the debt cancelled, and we are glad with him when his freedom is won, and he and his kind return to their own untrammelled, timeless life.

With the *Tempest*, the Canon, so to speak, of fairy-lore ends. One finds but little about fairies in English poetry for many a year after, and what there is, is mostly a mere re-arrangement, a variation upon the Shakespeare theme.

Such are Milton's exquisite fairy allusions, always in the vein of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and classic in tone, as Oberon's speeches so often are. Milton's fairies generally keep company with nymphs and shepherds, with the Graces and the "rosy-bosomed Hours"—and belong to the Renaissance. Pope's airy and courtly sprites are direct descendants of Cobweb, Moth, and Peaseblossom. Scott's are more romantic, and a good deal more malicious. The elfin dwarf, in the *Lay of the last Minstrel*, is very like an apparition of Puck, though at times we feel even darker suspicions about him. He reminds us that the name Puck, or Pouke, is sometimes used to mean simply devil. Shelley is full of beings very like fairies in some ways, but it would be misleading to apply that word to his

Splendors and glooms and glimmering
Incarnations,
Of Hopes and Fears, and twilight
Phantasies.

His spirit beings are reflections of human moods, projections of the mind, and have hardly an independent existence; whereas the very mark of the fairy kind has always been their entire remoteness from the human mind and human motives.

Christina Rossetti took up the theme in graceful and fanciful fashion, and, perhaps, the present-day type of fairy really begins with her writing. In *Goblin Market* the malign little Kobolds who tempt the girls with their magic fruit are described with dainty skill. Little busy, crowding, half-animal creatures, with a horribly human commercial instinct, and a deadly spite at the human being and his higher possibilities. All the cheery good-fellowship of Shakespeare's fairies is gone, all sympathy with them, all pleasure in their tricks and devices. These creatures are held up to moral judgment and reprobation; they are enemies of the soul, not simply little creatures who do not share it.

There is a deep, subtle malignity in them, a deadly peril in intercourse with them. When the interest of fairies and mortals ran counter in the old days, the game was fairly played out. The fairies had their advantages of dexterity, invisibility, and magical powers generally, but then the mortals were larger and further sighted, and quite as likely to stride through the fairy snares as to fall into them at any moment. Now the affair has become so terribly serious. All the powers of heaven and hell are ranged against one another, and the fairies spend their whole time and energy in wheedling and tempting poor mortals to a petty sort of destruction. It is bewilderingly different from Oberon's inno-

Desires and Adorations,
Winged Persuasions and Veiled Destinies,

rently misdirected interference in human concerns, which, after all, would never have taken place, if the opportunity had not come in his way, as he went about the adjustment of his own family affairs. Of course, the darker view of the fairy folk, that regarded them as being closely bound up with the powers of the underworld, had always been current; but in the older days they had figured in English poetry as a joyous and, on the whole, a kindly little people, unconcerned with the deeper aspects of human life and thought, but quite clearly distinguished as "spirits of another sort" from hobgoblins and such malicious spirits. "Lord what fools these mortals be." Puck says it with good-humored contempt. The Goblins of *Goblin Market* would have said it with a fathomless depth of malice.

Then we come to a still living poet: W. B. Yeats. He is the poet of Fairy Land, as no one since Shakespeare has ever thought of trying or wishing to be. And he knows the real irresistible charm to draw the fairies. He can summon them and they come, flocking, trooping in myriads. There is delight, there is almost a sort of intoxication in reading Mr. Yeats's poetry. His imagination has the right ethereal quality, he can ride the wind, and it is unquestionably real fairies who come to his call. His powers in the matter are those of Prospero, not of Owen Glendower. But as we read, the sense of a great change presses in more and more upon us. Perhaps the coming of such a change was dimly foreshadowed to us long ago, when Ariel felt that touch of compassion for the sorrowing mortals, that gave Prospero a moment's surprise.

Hast thou, who art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions?

There lay the suggestion of a grow-

ing sense, or capacity, in Ariel, that used not properly to belong to the fairy kind. The mere hint of such a sensation implies an enormous change, and the full meaning becomes clear to us in Mr. Yeats's poetry. A direful thing has happened. To the fairy folk, too, there has come—The Fall. Somehow, somewhere, since old glad days, they have tasted forbidden fruit, and here as in the Garden of Eden, it has proved to grow on the tree of Knowledge. The fairies have found themselves out, and they have found out all sorts of other things, too, all manner of sad truths they never used to suspect.

To begin with—they know now that they are old. They sing:

We who are old, old and gay,
O so old,
Thousands of years, thousands of
years,
If all were told.

There is something rather pitiful in the thought of these happy beings becoming conscious of the flight of time. And they have begun to think about the beginnings of things—

For I have run from where the winds
are born,

one of them says. Their beauty has grown "sad with its Eternity." Thoughts of the "gray wandering Osprey sorrow" haunt these songs about Fairy Land. An inexpressible sadness has come upon its peoples, in all their tribes:

He heard, while he sang and dreamed
A piper piping away,
And never was piping so sad,
And never was piping so gay.

Instead of—

Come unto these yellow sands
And there take hands,
Courtesied when you have and kist,
The wild waves whist—

We have the Hosting of the Sidhe, with
white-armed Nlamb, crying—

Away, come away,
Empty your heart of its Mortal dream,
And if any gaze on our rushing band,
We come between him and the deed of
his hand,
We come between him and the hope of
his heart.

No doubt the fairies of Celtic myth, such as generally come to Mr. Yeats's lure, have always been sadder and wiser than those that haunt English woodlands; but they tell us that Shakespeare's fairy lore represents a Celtic element in him, and that Mercurio's Queen Mab is found again in Maeve of Connaught. The change is great, and, moreover, Mab's reputation must suffer something in the process. Complications more serious than with Bottom the weaver, or even with Theseus, haunt the memory of Maeve. Her many loves are remembered yet in Connaught.

She could have called, over the rim of
the world,
Whatever woman's lover had hit her
fancy,
And yet had been great bodied and
great limbed,
Fashioned to be the mother of strong
children,
And she'd had lucky eyes and a high
heart,
And wisdom that caught fire like the
dried flax
At need, and made her beautiful and
fierce,
Sudden and laughing.

"Bless thee, lady! bless thee, thou art
translated!" Her people fight now, in
the long wars of the Brown Bull, not

With the rear mice for their leathern
wings,
To make her small elves' coats,
and she sleeps in her High House at

Cruahan, where the walls are covered
with beaten bronze, rather than on
"a bank whereon the wild thyme
blows."

The kidnapping propensities of the fairies were present in Shakespeare's mind no doubt, but he introduces them in a modified form. The little page over whom Oberon and Titania quarrel, seems to have been entrusted by his mortal mother to the queen's care, rather than carried off by her, and Bully Bottom was not, on the whole, an unwilling prisoner. The shipwrecked company in *The Tempest* might more truly be said to have been kidnapped, but then it was not for the fairies' own gratification, or on their own initiative. But this habit of theirs is persistently present to Mr. Yeats's mind. The fairies of his conjuring up, carry it to the point of being a serious danger and an incessant nuisance to the mortal world. No one is safe, but children and brides are in constant peril. The fairies yearn unceasingly for human company, and move heaven and earth to gain one changeling. With all the painful knowledge that the years have brought them, they do not seem to have learned that even long ago, in the unfallen fairy world, such doings brought trouble. In *The Wanderings of Oisín*, in *The Land of Heart's Desire* (loveliest perhaps of all his fairy poems), in *The Stolen Child*, in *The Host of the Air*, in the beautiful ballad story of *Baile and Aillinn*, the theme is ever the same, the yearning of the fairies towards the mortal heart and soul and body, and the answering craving that they have power to wake in the mortal heart, towards their unwearying, untrammelled life. They cry

Come away, O human child,
To the waters and the wild.
With a Fairy hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping
than you can understand.

You see, the fairy has learned so much that now it can warn the human child about the troubles of life. In Shakespeare's time the saddest mortal could hardly have explained the meaning of sorrow to a fairy.

And when the child or the bride, or the young man, has yielded to the fairies and gone with them, what fate do they meet? For Balle and Allinn it was no unwelcome lot. Angus, the Master of Love, calls them from the changes and chances of this mortal life, to something better.

For this young girl and this young man,
Have happiness without an end,
Because they have made so good a friend.

Their love was never drowned in care,
Of this or that thing, nor grew cold,
Because their bodies had grown old,
Being forbid to marry on earth
They blossomed to immortal mirth.

But even for them it seems a pale, glimmering, mystic world of twilight, shadowy joys, more perfect than mortal love in its duration, rather than in its quality, one fancies.

That is fairy land at its best. But for Maíre Bruin, or for the bride of O'Driscoll, or for the solemn-eyed stolen child, it gives us the impression of being a more than doubtful fate. The freedom they go to, proves to be a cold, tumultuous, wandering life, the gain seems less than the loss, finite or infinite. Maíre Bruin cries:

Fairies, come take me out of this dull world,
For I would ride with you upon the wind,
Run on the top of the dishevelled wave,
And dance upon the mountains like a flame.

What she seeks is, as the old priest tells her, "Maddening freedom and bewildering light." The courage that af-

fronts such a change is terrible in the nature of it, alien from humanity or its powers. The glamour of it sucks up the faculties of mind and body destructively.

To enter into the fairy life used to seem a limiting, a giving up, now it is the terrible gaining of faculties too great for human capacity. There is nothing here, of pretty tenderness, of warm flower-like caresses, of miniature joys; only vast spaces of wind and glimmering light, where mortals may stray bewildered, amongst pale, half-seen forms, as Oisín did. It has beauty strange and terrible, glamour that maddens, joys that cannot satisfy; not even the fairy folk themselves, much less mortals. There are other, vaster regrets haunting its changeling inhabitants than "Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay. Hay, good hay, hath no fellow."

And if to be carried off to fairy-land is a troubled fate, to be smitten with craving by its glamour is a far worse one. Its mysterious fascination never can be satisfied, not in life nor in death, as in the man who "Stood among a crowd at Drumahair." Catch one faintest echo of its fatal music and no earthly music can ever be sweet again.

How would it have been with a wandering Athenian, who might have chanced to come within earshot of "Spotted snakes with double tongue"? Would he not have carried away a haunting lingering memory to give a new charm to all the sounds of the forest, interpreting them, and blinding him closer to all delight and to life itself, making it dearer to him instead of luring him from it, with the cry

Empty your heart of its mortal dream.

When Mongan, in *The Wind among the Reeds*, thinks of his vision past and gone, he mourns

I have drunk ale from the country of
the young,
And weep because I know all things
now.

When Bottom wakes, restored to his
own proper person, what does he say?

I have had a most rare vision. I
have had a dream past the wit of man
to say what dream it was, man is but
an ass if he go about to expound this
dream. Methought I was—and methought
I had—but man is but a
patched fool if he will offer to say
what methought I had. The eye of
man hath not heard, the ear of man
hath not seen, man's hand is not able
to taste, his tongue to conceive, his
heart to report what my dream was,
I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad
of this dream.

The fairies themselves seem restless,
unsatisfied, hungry-hearted creatures,
yearning in the windy moonlight, for
the glow of the warm hearth, and yet
unable to be at peace there. As Ariel
once pitied the mortals, so we must
needs pity the fairies now. We are
not sorry for them when they dance in
the palace halls on Theseus' bridal
night, nor when Prospero leaves the
island. They are severing their connection
with mortals, but they are returning
to a complete, and, to them, a
satisfying life of their own.

But when the child fairy lures Maire
Bruin from the hearth, when Niamb
loses Oisín, we pity both equally, the
one in success, the other in failure.
What have they to offer? At best, a
kind of limbo, a shadowy floating
world of dreams; at worst, a region

very like that circle of the Inferno,
where Paolo and Francesca are driven
before the wind.

The child itself has wearied of the
"winds and waters and pale lights" to
which it draws Maire, yet it wearies
quickly, too of the "Warm little house."
The gladdest of mortal songs sound
sad to them, when Oisín sings them,
yet fear is always at the heart of
Niamb's love, foreboding and a great
unrest. In a word, they have lost
their own joys, and not gained ours.

Perhaps these fairies of Mr. Yeats
are beings of a higher order than those
of *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The Fall,
some theologians tell us, has been a
necessary stage in human development
and progress. Perhaps it will prove
so to the fairies too. Certainly, it
seems possible to discover something
like a premonition of such a thing in
The Tempest, and it has been given to
Mr. Yeats to reveal it fully. Exceed-
ing beauty is about them still—no one
can question that—but it is "a beauty
on which the soul, with all its maladies
has passed." We are grateful to Mr.
Yeats, because he has known the call
they will obey, and has brought the
fairies back to us, but we must be a
little sorry that on them, too, time has
left its mark. We must needs look
back with a little ache of regret to the
days before they knew what age and
sorrow meant, and when, in the woods
near Athens or on the yellow sands of
Prospero's island, they made the time
fleet carelessly "as they did in the
golden world."

H. Grierson.

The Dublin Review.

FANCY FARM.

BY NEIL MUNRO.

CHAPTER III.

The Mort-cloth Ball was ancient history, as all hilarious joys appear when a season or two has gone, and the wedded life of Sir Andrew Schaw seemed infinitely more remote to the village folk, for whom the Lady Jean had always been an alien. Norah sat one day with her cousin by an open window that looked out from Fancy Farm upon landscape she had learned to love in every changing aspect of it; she had been arguing with him, playfully, upon a topic almost stale between them, and at last, impatient of his perverse views, had stamped her foot and, quite forgetful of the dozen years of difference in their ages and the fact that a month ago she had been, in the eyes of the law, an infant in his care, had bluntly called him silly.

He watched her flounce across the room, with admiration. "You make me think, lass, of a cat," said he. "There is something feline in the way you put up your back and show your claws upon occasion."

"A cat!" she exclaimed.

"Tut! tut!" he said, "don't scratch; you know how fond I am of cats. A cat is the only creature than can enter a room with absolutely unconscious dignity, be fierce without awkwardness, and idle without becoming fat—not that there seems any danger of your becoming fat or idle either."

The lady smiled; the flash of temper that had momentarily lit her eyes and flushed her brow died out, and she sank into a chair with a gracious easy irrestraint of every limb that really justified her cousin's hint at the feline.

"You're not so happy in your compliments as Mr. Maurice," she exclaimed.

"Well, you know I have neither his privileges nor his practice," said Sir Andrew. "How, if I may ask does

the bard of passion and of mirth in his appreciative moment designate your charms?"

"Is it fair to tell?" she reflected audibly, looking out of deep green eyes that seemed sometimes black.

"I am persuaded that *Dulcinea's* eyes must be green emeralds," said Sir Andrew irrelevantly, quoting the Knight of the Rueful Countenance. "There is no harm, I am sure, in disseminating pure poetry, and in any case, as almost *in loco parentis*, even yet I have some little claim to know if the compliments that are proffered to my late ward and cousin are base metal or the true *Par-nassian* gold."

"I am, it seems, in bearing, like a Virgilian goddess, a priestess carrying sacred vessels."

"Heavens! he could say the same of our milkmaid, Lizzie, carrying the cognes of peasemeal and milk to the calves. I prefer my own comparison—of the graceful and mysterious cat."

"And, sitting, I have—what does he call it?—the hieratic aspect of some old Madonna."

"Ah! the dear lad! what a sad evidence that poets and lovers should derive from life, and not from literature or art. You are too cold to Master Reginald, Norah; a swain so devoted and so fervent, though so confoundedly obvious in his compliments, does not deserve the snubbings that your playful and whimsical affection too often bestows on him. With a little more encouragement the lad could show you he has the stuff of a grand passion under the copy of Keats he always carries in his breastpocket. I dragged him out on the yawl a week ago, and sailed him an hour or two along the coast with the sea coming over the coamings, and I liked the fellow's eye—there was no moment of quailing;

but the idiot spouted Byron! Great Neptune!—Byron at such an hour—with the nor'-easter coming down in black squalls and a lost reef-pennant! I was ass enough to give him the tiller, while I went forward for a moment, and he let her gybe. God nearly had us there!"

"Oh!" cried his hearer, "you horrify me! It is the first time I have heard of it; you must not—*must not* do such dreadful things."

He had risen, and was pacing the floor; the wind blew in from the open window, laden with summer scents, bearing the sounds of the valley—the reapers' hone, the plunge of the river on the weirs, and the scream of plovers. It blew through her beautiful and abundant hair, and seemed to pale the burnished olive of her pure and healthy cheek. Her eyes stared troublously; she had risen to her feet, and clasped her hands together, sucking her breath through sleet-white teeth, her lips apart and shuddering.

"Ah!" he said remorsefully. "I shouldn't have mentioned it; and I promise you I'll never give him a tiller again."

"You make—you make me furious!" she exclaimed, stamping her foot. "You should never have had him on board; you should never have let him take the tiller; you know very well he knows nothing about it. Had you—had you drowned Reginald!"

"What!" cried the Captain mockingly. "The author of 'Aphrodite'—"

I spurn the sea-billow and mock at the gale,

For thee, Aphrodite——

The devil take it, Norah! why should a man throw off poetry of such a briny flavor if he doesn't know enough not to let a boat gybe in dirty weather? I like the lad that he seems not to have thought the incident worth mentioning to you. No doubt he's storing up

all his emotion over the affair for a sonnet in the book. How, by the way, goes the *opus*?"

She looked sideways at him distrustfully, still in a regal humor. "I don't know, and you are deliberately leading away from the subject we were engaged upon, which was certainly not Mr. Maurice and his poetry."

"Deliberately,—now, Norah! you give me credit for a slyness I don't possess. Reggies' gybe came into my mind quite irresistibly with a twinge from a broken rib I got from a swinging boom in consequence of it."

"A broken rib!" she cried with knitted brows. "That accounts for your interviews with the doctor. You are the most secretive mortal surely ever breathed. Was it necessary to conceal such a thing from us?"

"No, not absolutely, but judicious. Discretion obviated explanation and alarm, and all the fuss Aunt Amelia would certainly have made about such a thing. A rib is neither here nor there; remember the indifference of Adam to one completely lost."

"Is it painful?"

"No more at present than Adam's was; if wives were always to be got so easily,"—he stammered as one confused, remembering; flushed, and sighed. "Norah," he went on in a new voice altogether, quietly, wistfully, "does the house not seem, even yet, a little lonely? Something chilly in the morning, eh? We are so quiet here. Silences, lapses, pauses,—I can't ride them down,—not if I rode the mare till she foundered. Would you imagine there would be so much difference? Oh! a man wants a wife! I'm possessed of devils,—the worst of devils,—old remembrance and remorse, and the days are full of ghosts."

"Go swimming, Andy," said the girl, suddenly all softened with a pity that welled up in her eyes, and made her bold lips tender and tremulous.

"Swimming!" he cried, flinging up his arms. "I've swam, and behold the sea hath lost its ancient efficacy! Once it could wash away all care, cool the fever of foolish nights, dispel the phantoms of the mind, cleanse, console, invigorate; now, by the Lord! it might be ditch-water! A man wants a wife, a little wife to look at, hear, be kind to. I came to-day on a silly novel, pushed at the back of the escritoire in her room, some day perhaps, when she heard me coming, and was afraid——"

"No, not afraid cousin; Jean was never afraid of you; she knew she had no reason; probably shame, poor dear, to be found disappointing you."

"That tawdry volume gave me as much emotion as if it had been part of herself. Ghosts!" He ran his fingers through the thick hair over his temples. "Do you ever realize how bogey is the world?—so much is left behind of folks departed. Their breath is in the wind; their cast-off clothing keeps the shape it took from the pressure of their bodies; the sound of their voices and their footsteps goes for ever through this unchanging space. It isn't only that, but there are ghosts of touch, and hate, and appreciation; Jean's gone, but a wraith of her haunts Fancy Farm, where I hope she was not so unhappy, and whatever she cared for here has an aura about it that belongs to her, and whatever she touched—even the stupid novel—is haunted by the spirit of her hands."

He turned his back upon the girl, and looked out at the piling clouds that billowed silvery in the west against a sky intensely blue. The house of Fancy Farm—once a simple steading, but in recent years a little aggrandized with new wings pierced by low wide windows, gables corbel-stepped, and the deep veranda—stood upon a brae that gave the loveliest prospect of the valley. The brae sloped down in turfy waves that ended at the river,

which went over its granite weirs with a gushing sound that seemed to cool the day, and made its neighborhood melodious; and over the river lay the tawny meadows, populous now with men and women and children making hay. Beyond, the old plantations, garrulous with rooks, and over them the steeple of the village.

"I'm afraid of getting tired of this place, Norah," he exclaimed, in an altered mood again. "Tired! tired! It was all very well when it was Jeanie's Fancy, but now I'd give ten years of my lease of life to be back in Schawfield, and in the sound of the sea. Yon's the place! I should never have leased it to our English friend,—a decent fellow, but"—he snapped his fingers and grotesquely puckered up his face—"Schawfield is thrown away on him."

"At two thousand pounds a-year," said Norah, twinkling.

"Yes! yes! that's the confounded thing!" cried her cousin impetuously; "the poor devil's not getting anything like the value for his money. He misses the romance of the place: he has only got the house and shootings, and the sunsets, and has not the key to its magic garden; he has not the faintest hint of its old associations. I'm defrauding Beswick; I've half a mind to return him fifty per cent of his rent."

"Yes, why don't you?" asked Norah, looking at him through drooping lashes, and her cousin laughed.

"You know very well!" said he. "It's simply because I don't happen to have a thousand pounds at present at my disposal. What money is in my name is in the oddest corners of the world,—digging gold in West Australia, lumbering in Newfoundland, trapping and tracking furry things in Athabasca. It's feeding men and blazing trails out of the weary worn-out world into the regions of romance."

"And, incidentally, it's not getting much in way of dividends," said Norah, laughing. "Andy, as a speculator, you're a perfect child!"

He actually flushed, quite pleased as at a compliment; shook with the soft chuckle that made Maurice always think of old Melampus in among the thickets, and stroked his chin. "Ha! So! Of course! of course! That's what I want,—the child's illusion, wholesomest and cheapest of all joys. 'Unless ye become as one of these——' But not so very childish, Norah; some day Athabasca will do well. We are growing the finest fruits at Fort Macfadyen, near the Arctic circle. What a world! What a world! Magnificent! Here am I, to the carnal eye, lounging about Fancy Farm, the proudest of lives, but a wrath of me's paddling a canoe and singing chansons on the Mackenzie, or shooting moose and bear for supper. Great value! Great value for my money! And just yesterday I had a splendid adventure,—fifteen hundred pounds sterling of me struck a new reef on the Witwatersrand." He rubbed his hands ecstatically.

Norah sighed patiently. "What a guardian I've escaped from!" said she. "I'm glad the what-do-you-call-them did not permit you to venture my money on such fairy enterprises. You go into the Stock Exchange as if it were a playhouse."

"So it is! So it is!" cried the baronet, quite delighted at the idea. "That's the way to look upon it,—like a play; or a poem! That's why I'm sorry for poor old Beswick; he takes his Works in the deadliest earnest, looks upon them as a kind of soulless congeries of mechanism for grinding out, not steel for railways, ships, and bridges, but gold for his daughter's Paris bonnets and his own wearisome luxuries, including Schawfield,—but, without the privilege of the magic

garden. By George! I'd let him have the house and shootings, for the rest of his lease for nothing if I could have but the privilege of a hut on the place, and a guarantee that he wouldn't talk Commerce when he met me. I was foolish to let Schawfield, when I think of it. I could have scraped along,—if it weren't that it would involve shutting up the lodges, and paying off a lot of men; I couldn't very well do that,—such decent fellows; almost all of them have been with dad. But, if it weren't for that, I could have rubbed along without letting."

"You never required to let," said Norah, calmly regarding him.

"Never required to let! Good heavens! what would happen to Schawfield as a whole if I didn't? It takes every penny of Beswick's rent to pay the mortgages."

"You never required to let," repeated Norah firmly.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "you're back at it again; you mean, I could have taken some of your money?"

"Borrowed it, and paid me back when the dividends come from the fairy and romantic speculations," said the intensely practical and frank young person.

"There have been one or two rogues in the family," said Captain Cutlass, straightening himself, "but of late we have run to common decency. I like the element of imprudence in your proposal, but I thought we had settled long ago it was not for a moment to be seriously considered. My dear Norah, you have yourself to think of,—and your future. You will marry, and the most attractively poetical quality about Mr. Reginald Maurice to me is that he hasn't as yet made a farthing by the Muse or anything else."

"Mr. Maurice, so far, hasn't done me the honor of asking me to marry him," said Norah, reddening, and with flash-

ing eyes the Captain failed to see.

"The blate wooer!" exclaimed Sir Andrew gaily. "As I have said, you treat him rather cavalierly."

"Because I am indifferent."

"He's not."

"But I am; that is the main thing."

"But, my dear Norah, you confessed a decided passion for the fellow to me, and—and Jean."

"Oh," cried the girl, rising from her chair and clenching her hands behind her back, "I should never have said so to you; you do not understand."

"Upon my word!" said Sir Andrew. "I believe I really did not understand my duty as your guardian, or I should have brought Maurice to the scratch about you when I had the right."

She stared at him with her lips apart and breathing deeply, her heavy chestnut eyebrows more than customarily close together, her fingers playing the tattoo of the devil on the table she had drawn her chair to, conscious of a tremor of her legs that might betray her even while she sat. It was a mercy that Sir Andrew Schaw, in Norah's presence, ever was a man considerably abstracted—rapt in inner visions; often it annoyed her, now she saw it gratefully. With an effort she quelled the coward flesh of her, and compelled in her voice an ironic accent.

"You are clearly in a hurry to get rid of me," said she.

He did not look; he did not contradict her.

"Norah," said he, "I want a wife," and she hurriedly snatched a volume from a pile upon the table and began to turn its pages noisily.

"You're more than usually irrelevant to-day," said she. "I think we might dispose first of my proposition."

"That's disposed of—finally," said he, in a tone that left no argument; "Schawfield's out of the question, and I must make up my mind to be con-

tent in Fancy Farm. But the ghosts must be dispelled. Can't you help me to a wife, Norah?" This time he looked at her wistfully, and she found some passage in her book extremely fascinating.

"I'd as soon recommend you neck-ties," she remarked, with an attempt at playfulness.

"And I know exactly the sort of wife to suit me," he proceeded.

"Listen a moment to this," she interrupted hurriedly, with a laugh, and read a passage in the book. He listened, laughed politely, though, indeed, the humor of it was not great; plunged again into more important things. "She must be good and wise and beautiful."

"Mormon! It is not one wife you want, but three," said Norah. "The age of paragons is ended. If I were you I would confine my requirements to a single one, which might console me for the absence of the others."

"As what?" he asked, and she looked embarrassed.

"What's wanted most in Schawfield—money," she replied, with an effort at an air of badinage.

"I'd prefer that she had none; my ideal lady hasn't a single penny. I go out, like Quixote, this very hour to look for her," he said, rising to the door, and Norah, looking after him, shrugged her shoulders.

CHAPTER IV.

If Sir Andrew Schaw was "queer" to all his social compeers,—Scottish lairds with ancient Scottish names, who had English mothers, and had gone to English schools, and were Episcopallians, and, in character and accent, undistinguishable from the Englishmen they rode with half the year in Rotten Row,—it was not his fault, but due to his heredity. "The Sliccar Schaws" was the bye-name of his folk from far-back years, and the steadfast-

ness that name betokened was in no way else more manifest than in their nationality. They bided, most of them, at home, and married Scottish women; they bred true Scots, who might go round the world in English fighting-ships (with a piper in the poop at even-fall), but ever came back at last to Scotland, there to dwell content among the ancestral woods on the shores of the Scottish sea. The family's hereditary calling made the thing inevitable; no home had they away from Schawfield, save the narrow cabins of their sovereign's ships; no chance to let the glamour of the city sink within them; for years on the wastes of ocean, passing between their stations, or sweltering in clammy latitudes, the one spot of earth that rose to their inner eyes unutterably sweet because of its associations was the native parish where the lapwing whistled and the cool winds blew.

The first Captain Cutlass—he who won the appellation—kept a flat blue bonnet in his shore portmanteau, and put it on whenever he had crossed the Border on his way to the North from Plymouth. "Thank God!" he would say with fervor then; "nae mair, for a while, o' those damned mim-mouthed gentlemen!" And his eye rejoiced, as the coach proceeded, at the sight of brick-built and flat-chested dwellings giving place to houses built of stone, —their gray tones blending with the landscape and the careening clouds. The second Captain Cutlass had been nurtured too in the Scottish sentiment; loved, and rejoiced in his English seamen, but could not stand as he professed, the English climate. "Sunshine and stour!" he summed it up with an honesty that would have much astonished any Continental with a Continental standard of a climate. And Cutlass Tertius, my eccentric hero, absorbed the same sentiments almost as soon as he supped porridge. They

sent him to the local grammar-school and finished him in the College of St. Andrews; they drove him all the way from Schawfield to the Solent, and saw him on his ship, as if he were a convict banished, without allowing him a sight of the siren London. Such times as he returned from his naval duties, he flew North without a pause, —having seen the world widely, strange peoples, solemn temples, cities clamant, spacious harbors; and the first thing he would do when he got home, this sailor, was to mount a horse, dive into the sea at Whitfarland, or walk the roads with some ragged gangrel.

When his father died, Sir Andrew left the Navy. "Fifteen years of it, and never a shotted broadside! I'd be better reading old Epictetus," said he, and settled down to working his estate. With falling rents for his farms, and a distaste for shooting-tenants, he found it a rather barren patrimony, but never once did you hear the man lamenting. He came home from the sea with that air of mystery and romance that country people always look for in the mariner; stories were common of his carry-on in foreign ports,—all lies, as it happened, but for some the lies invested him with charm. At first his people, hearing of his quixotic follies, made some efforts to exploit him for their own advantage, and, faith! at times, he was a marvel of credulity; but it's ill to take the trousers off a Hielandman, and laird and tenants settled down at last to a pleasant understanding based on mutual affection.

A man he was who, in some cranny of his being, kept a wild-flower soul inviolate; nothing could harm him, ache nor care for long distress him: a man with a tutored mind, he thought, was master of his fate and of the world, and every catastrophe could be resolved to nothing in an honest sleep.

We saw him, as I said, in those days, like a creature of our books, so debonair! so frank! and so ubiquitous! At early morning, when the frost or dew was still upon the lawn, he could be seen among the sheep-folds of the upper glens, smoking his pipe with shepherds; at noon no glade of the forest could be so hidden and remote, but we, bird-nesting, gathering white hay, or seeking red-pine roots for firewood, were not liable to find him there before us, standing in the grass like a woodland deity in an old pair of sailor's leggings, and he knew us all by name. At evening sports on the village common Captain Cutlass had been more than once the champion; he was often the soul of farmers' parties.

At first they were abashed at this curious condescension in a gentleman, who spoke Scots like themselves, and vastly wondered that he was so careless of the company of his social equals in the shire, and then at last ascribed it all to his want of money. Money he had, 'tis true, but not enough for a country magnate; and he never seemed so happy as when it took the form of scrip for some romantic enterprise that never brought a penny.

He leased the House of Schawfield, and retired to Fancy Farm, that had been for long a dower-house in the family; bred, not unprofitably, red Highland cattle with enormous horns. His aunt Amelia—a florid, bustling, sentimental body, who had never had an offer from a man, and long had ceased to hope for any—was his housekeeper. They were joined in Fancy Farm on the first year of his wedded life by Norah, in her teens, the orphan only child of a Highland cousin, with the true Schaw disregard for money, of which her father and mother had left her more than Captain Cutlass, as trustee and guardian, was inclined to look upon with patience.

Upon his easy-going and eccentric

way of life his mistaken marriage had made hardly any difference. Lady Jean and Aunt Amelia between them, apostles of convention, tried to reconcile him with Society, but at their garden-parties it was ten to one he would be missing, or, if he did appear, it was to shock some sense of things "correct" or convenable, as when on one occasion he brought with him an Italian image-seller he had found in Schawfield village. The Italian had a tenor voice of the purest gold, and sang divinely, but his greasy rags estranged from Fancy Farm for ever after half the men and women Aunt Amelia and the wife had set their hearts on cultivating. And then they filled the house, at seasons, with the kind of folk they thought might be a compromise between the vagabonds he loved and the gentry they thought better company for him,—with an occasional poetic soul like Maurice, who had made a hash of life in a picturesque and cultivated manner, nourished himself on thoughts sublime and other people's viands; painter fellows, not particular about their clothes; actors even (Norah made some wonderful acquaintances): in short, they sought to cloy him with a rural rendering of the "Vie de Bohème," but he only laughed at them, and, when they were most wonderful, would quit them for the woods, an hour of conversation with the village smith, or a game with children.

Children!—ah! they were a passion with Captain Cutlass, and they always understood him. "Tilda Birrell, the Writer's sister, understood him, too, "Fiddlesticks! what the man wants is a brisk young wife," said she, "and a wean or twa o' his ain to keep him in amusement. He's just a great big boy, and fine I mind o' him and his fancy rabbits." Yes, he was aye the great big boy. I know, when we were bairns and he came home from the sea with brass-bound jackets, there was no

company he sooner sought than ours. For a moment or two we feared him,—so tall, so straight, so Englisht and well-put-on, but he would stand upon his head, or crawl on all-fours in a way to make himself ridiculous, and then we knew he was not grown-up inside, and was only a naval masquerader. We would speak to him at first in the English of the school-room,—all our vowels thinned, our “r’s” with the dirl awanting, and our “ings” fastidious; he pretended he could not understand, and, himself relapsing to the Doric, led us back without our knowing it into the old vernacular, that came to us in moments unembarrassed.

Many a tale he told us, gathered about him on the grass at Cairnbaan; many a nest we found together; many a trout we guddled. Together we plundered his father’s apples; he taught us all to swim, and a little of equestrian menage. To be unhealthy—even to be only with a headache—he esteemed a kind of crime; ’twas lucky we were wholesome creatures! A straight back, a high chin, a light foot, and a fearless utterance were, for him, the first of virtues. Books he would sometimes laughingly condemn, yet somehow, by his knowledge of them, made us prize, and well he knew it; it was but his cunning. If I have some acquaintance now with Shakespeare, it is since I sojourned once with Andrew Schaw in a Scottish Arden, heard the voices of “The Tempest” crying round his yawl, and laughed at his Scots perversion of the sinner Falstaff.

And a man so humble of his own capacities! “I’m a splairger!” he would say. I hope my readers know the meaning of the word. It stands for the dauber dilettante, and, in his case, did a manifest injustice to his power, which lay in the line of making life itself a picture. “I’m a splairger,” he would say, as he watched

some tradesman skilfully handle tools; “I’ve the splairger’s dreams, man! and would be master of every art and craft and a don at all accomplishments even if it was only playing draughts. But there’s nae determined goal for the splairger, Alick; and you’re the lucky man, content to mak’ a perfect horse-shoe. The splairger’s only master in his mind, and there I’m a perfect marvel! I’ve played at a score o’ things, and tired o’ them, and finished naething, the time that you were makin’ the shoes for a thousand horses.”

“Tuts, Sir Andrew, you that can dae onything!” said the smith to him on that occasion; the smith, who had had his visions too, though defective of a leg. “If I had a’ my limbs about me, it’s no’ at this tinker o’ an anvil I would be, but sclimbin’ masts oot yonder round about the Horn, and you have seen it!”

“A great muckle jabble o’ water!” said the Captain airily; “there’s naething in it, and there’s hardly a mast nowadays to sclim’; you see mair life here in your smiddy. Try my tobacco, Alick. I once went round the Horn on the *Bellerophon*. We lost a sailor overboard in dirty weather, and I fell after him.”

“Oh, I heard about that!” said the blacksmith sagely. “Ye have the riedal.”

“Just that; but the point is, it’s a curious thing about the sea,” said Captain Cutlass “that in tisel’ it’s a gentle creature, quiet as a bowl o’ milk. Before I dived the weather roared about us, whoopin’ in the funnels, whistlin’ round the yards—a noise that seemed to dominate the world and deafened us so much we had to bellow in each other’s ears. But when I left the ship and rose to the surface of the sea it might have been Whitfarland Bay on an autumn Sunday—a silence that, coming with such suddenness after the turmoil of the deck, was like a

swound. Man, I was astonished; and then I saw that it a' fell in wi' my philosophy—that everything is in oursel's, and naething is outside oursel's, except appearances."

The smith hung on his bellows' handle and surveyed him, wondering "Ye would be a gey wet man that day, Sir Andrew!" was his comment; "but a' the same I could be daeln', if I had my leg, wi' a little sallorizing. I ken mysel' there's naething in it but imagination, but that'll no' hinder the delight o' dreamin' o't." And at that Captain Cutlass grasped him by his calloused hand and shook it in a frenzy of appreciation.

"Right, Alick!" he exclaimed delightedly, "that's the way wi' me. I'm a' for the things untried. A horse-shoe's fine, but once ye've made them perfectly, there's mony another thing to ponder on. At least, I think so," added the cautious Captain. "I can only guess mysel', since I never brought onything to perfection,—no, not even Schawfield!"

That, for long, had been his most abiding dream, his great ambition,—to have the estate of Schawfield in its way perfection. Coming home from the sea, where a ship was his little kingdom, and everything aboard of her was tidy, in its place, and order and economy of means to ends a law, ropes flemished down, and never an Irish pennant, he wanted to see the land he heired, and every farm and cot upon it, in the same trim order. For this, at first, he spent his money like water.—building, fencing, draining, repairing; but the money seemed to go through a sieve, and he found that an estate is not a ship, since it has no bulwarks. It was lucky his cash was almost done! Before he had wholly ruined himself, he saw that "ship-shape and Bristol fashion" could never be said of any Scottish property so extensive as his own. When he was tu-

toring his tenants at Clonary in the matter of flower-gardens, his tenants six miles off were ruining the land by a neglect of the strict rotation of the crops, or letting their braes revert to whin and bracken. If he built them fences, they none the less light-heartedly helped themselves in winter to the healthiest, straightest firs in his young plantations. Cattanach, his factor, used to be distracted. "The laird's clean daft," said he; "I would squeeze the devils; that's the only way to get the best from them, and, if he did, they would think the more of him."

But there, of course, Cattanach was wrong—Sir Andrew Schaw was the idol of his tenantry, and, when he found that Schawfield could not be transformed into a battleship, he found a comfort in his own philosophy. "After all," he said, "I believe I would hate to see the place perfection after any human plan; arable land is admirable, but I like to see the brackens." It was in vain the factor pointed out that the tenants let their lands run wild from no such aesthetic principle, but only out of idleness; Sir Andrew had a kindly eye even for indolence, at which he, professed himself (untruthfully) past-master.

Whatever happened, nothing marred the charm of Schawfield, nor for long dispelled the happiness its owner found in every acre of it. Save for the neighboring hills that massed upon one side, it had a curious English aspect due to trees for which five generations of the family had had a passion. The western portion marched upon a bight of the Atlantic, which had made the Schaws all seamen; the seals played among the rocks below the mansion; night and day you heard—sonorous and majestic, like a murmuring of History—the voice of breakers upon distant beaches, and through the terraced gardens went continually the salt sea

airs. Inland, the estate spread from the hill-slopes over an enormous plain that had harbored the earlier Unknown Race, whose standing-stones and cromlechs sanctified the fields. Cells of the Culdees, old Cistercian chapels, churches of the Living God had flourished there since these lichened menhirs were uplifted in a faith whose meanings baffle us, but the menhirs still were standing, and the chapels were in dust. Those stones, so old, mysterious, and speechless, entered somehow into what Sir Andrew, as a youth, had cherished as his faith. He

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wandered round them often when he should be in the kirk, and thinking many things, but mostly of the flight of time and man's futility. Oh! a daft young soul, I grant you! Likely you and I were wiser in our time.

Sea-shore and inland plain, hill and forest (for Schawfield from end to end was six or seven miles), hamlets and farms, a loch or two, the river and many burns. You would, being a stranger, coming upon Captain Cutlass eating bread and cheese contentedly along with some road-mender, hardly credit him as laird of these.

(To be continued.)

PROPOSALS FOR THE REFORM OF THE CALENDAR.

The importance of a uniform and simple calendar is not a question which affords any ground for dispute. Whether regarded from the point of view of the chronologist, striving to evolve order out of regnal years and intercalary months, or from that of a business man in Cairo, transacting affairs with clients who adhere severally to the Moslem, the Coptic, the Hebrew, the Julian, and the Gregorian calendars, the diversity of system from time to time, from place to place, and between creed and creed, is an exasperating and unmixed misfortune. The New Year festival is celebrated by the motley races which go to make up the population of Singapore on dates which extend over several months. In Constantinople, until quite recently, even the division of the day was a source of grave inconvenience, since the day ended at local sunset. The persistence of such anomalies shows how hard is the way of the reformer. Tradition and religious scruple, and even the mere inertia of custom, are leagued against him. From the point

of view of the whole world, a far greater advance would be made by any large step towards the adoption of one universal calendar than by making small theoretical improvements in a particular system, however important that system may be. Whatever happens, it is certain that the Gregorian calendar in its main features will survive. For this reason alone its reform is not to be lightly undertaken. A universal appeal can only be based on fixity of tenure as a necessary condition. The French Republican calendar should at least be useful as an awful example. Even the Chinese are considering the advisability of eliminating the lunar element from their calendar and following European practice. Hence changes in our calendar can only be admitted after their necessity has been absolutely proved, and then only with the utmost deliberation. It is not a matter in which a false step can be easily retraced.

It is an unfortunate fact that a calendar of ideal simplicity is precluded by the nature of things. Much dif-

difficulty would have been avoided had the tropical year, the synodic month, and the mean solar day been commensurate periods of time, and if, moreover, the number of days in a year had contained certain simple factors. With the Julian calendar, it is true, the lunar month has been placed out of consideration. But the week remains as a fundamental unit of time in human affairs. If only the year had contained 336 days, absolute simplicity would then have been attainable. We should then have had four equal quarters of three months each, each month containing exactly four weeks. As things are, we must be content with something less simple, and, even so, commensurability between the year and the week can only be obtained by placing one day (or two days in the case of leap year) outside the ordinary run of the calendar. This is the suggestion of Mr. Philip, of Brechin, who has proposed that the first day of the year should be thus set aside under the name of New Year's Day, while in leap years a second day of the same kind should be intercalated between the months of June and July. The idea is not, of course, original in principle, for it was used by Auguste Comte in a slightly different way, and has been attributed to Littré. It offers the only means of avoiding a change in the calendar from year to year, and is to this extent attractive. But it has the great disadvantage of introducing discontinuity at the very point where continuity has been preserved in the face of many other changes. The week can boast a most ancient lineage, uninterrupted by the slightest break. Prejudice in its favor must be anticipated, and weighty reasons must be adduced if this feeling is to be overcome.

It has already been pointed out that nature is greatly to blame for not having given us a year of exactly 336

days. Even when the one or two inconvenient extra days have been specially provided for, there remain over just 28 days, and it is in the disposal of these that the calendar reformers have expended their ingenuity. Comte's plan was simply to form them into a thirteenth month, with the extra days at the end of the year. Apart from the peculiar nomenclature in which his philosophy found expression, it is far from clear that this plan has been improved upon by contemporary reformers. The only drawback seems to lie in the introduction of an extra month, and in the fact that a quarter must contain three months and an additional week.

Another proposal is that of Mr. T. C. Chamberlin. This consists in dividing the 28 days into four special weeks placed at the end of each quarter. That this scheme should appear rather crude is not unnatural, and to this extent stronger support may be expected for a plan proposed by Mr. John C. Robertson at the fourth International Congress of Chambers of Commerce held in London in June of last year. This would incorporate the extra weeks in each third month, so that each quarter would consist of three months, containing respectively 28, 28, and 35 days. In this way each month would begin with a Sunday, but it is far from certain that the advantage thus gained would be generally regarded as a fair equivalent for the patent disadvantage involved in the disparity between the months. It would appear that approximate equality was more important in the months than in the quarters.

This consideration seems to have had weight with those responsible for the Calendar Reform Bill presented to Parliament by Mr. Robert Pearce. The Swiss Government, at the instance of the London Congress of Chambers of Commerce already mentioned, has in-

vited an international conference on the subject of the calendar, a proposal now receiving the attention of the British Government, and the Bill is intended as a basis for imperial conference. It is proposed to divide the reduced year of 364 days into four similar quarters, each containing three months of 30, 30, and 31 days respectively. With twelve months no better approach to equality is possible. Moreover, the calendar becomes fixed, in the sense that any given date will fall on a particular day of the week, *e.g.* Christmas Day will always be on a Monday. But there will not be that simple correspondence between the day of the month and the day of the week provided by the other schemes. In practice it will be just as necessary to consult an almanac as at present, and the only difference will be that the almanac will be the same for every year. Is this an appreciable benefit? Almanacs are so common, and so often distributed gratuitously, that few people would probably feel the change from year to year, were it not for a circumstance which has purposely been left for separate consideration. As a matter of curiosity, it may be noted that the Royal Academy of Sciences at Stockholm receives a considerable income from a monopoly in the sale of almanacs.

The circumstance just alluded to is the varying incidence of Easter. Owing to the public holidays associated with this festival, and for other reasons, the desire for a fixed date has been very generally felt and often expressed. The Western Church has followed the ecclesiastical moon as defined by the Council of Nice, and the time seems ripe for removing this last remaining visage of a lunar cycle from our calendar. It is understood that the Pope has raised no objection to this being done, and it is not to be supposed that the other churches concerned will

prove "katholischer als der Papst" in this matter. The German Reichstag will be asked to pass a resolution in favor of the appointment of a definite Sunday on which Easter shall be celebrated. The Bill before Parliament proposes that April 14 shall be Easter Sunday. The fixing of this festival is an integral part of the schemes described above for reforming the calendar, and will engage the attention of the diplomatic conference proposed by the Swiss Government. The precise date must be fixed by international agreement, and the mere verbal definition of the date will naturally be facilitated if a fixed calendar has been previously adopted. But the two questions are essentially independent, and Easter can be fixed with all the precision required for practical purposes without any change in the present calendar. Thus if Easter were defined as the Sunday following April 10, it would never be more than three days from April 14, and would fall automatically on the latter date if the scheme now before Parliament were afterwards adopted. But other dates will probably be suggested for consideration.

The internal arrangement of our calendar is in the nature of things a compromise, and the divergence between the schemes which have been brought forward proves that the reformers are by no means of one mind. The ordinary man does not seem impressed with the necessity for a change. It is alleged that the business man feels some inconvenience, but the English accountant would surely gain far more benefit from a decimal currency than from a fixed almanac. Meanwhile the Board of Trade is very properly taking steps to learn the opinions of the merchants and traders of the country.

It is, of course, mere child's play to invent a calendar. The objection to interrupting the consecutive run of

the weeks must be strongly felt. One wonders therefore that none of those who appear to be so much impressed with the advantage of sub-dividing a year of 364 days have not, so far as we are aware, suggested another plan for getting rid of the superfluous days. This could be done by using the week instead of the day as the unit of intercalation. We begin by allotting 364 days to the common year. We then add at the end of every fifth year (the date ending with 0 or 5) a special "leap" week. This in itself would make the year on the average too long. We therefore omit the "leap" week every fifty years, when the date ends in 25 or 75; and, further, we omit the week at every century which is divisible by 4 (the reverse of the Gregorian rule). The result is to add 71 weeks or 497 days in 400 years, thus making the average length of the year 365.2425 days, or exactly the same as the mean Gregorian year. The special Nature.

week would probably be found a nuisance, but it would only come once in five years, and it has been seriously proposed to introduce four such weeks into every year! Of course, under this plan, the date of the equinox would wander eight days on either side of the mean date. At the sacrifice of simplicity it would be more correct to intercalate eleven weeks in each successive period of 62 years, at the intervals:

6,6,5, 6,6,5, 6,6,5, 6,5 years.

By this rule the equinox would be kept within four days of the given date, while the mean length of a year would be slightly more accurate than in the Gregorian system. Such a variation from the mean date would not be likely to constitute a practical objection. The idea, however, is only suggested in order to illustrate the unexhausted possibilities which lie before the would-be calendar reformer.

H. C. P.

AT THE SIGN OF THE PLOUGH.

PAPER IV.—ON THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS.

BY THE RIGHT HON. G. W. E. RUSSELL.

1. Who carried what peculiarity into Devonshire? *Answer:* Stryver: his delicacy. ("*Tale of Two Cities*.")
2. Who had been a little unfortunate in taking cold at what ceremony? *Answer:* Mrs. Bishop at a Confirmation. ("*Little Dorrit*.")
3. Who did not go to church on Christmas morning with the old couple and the pewful of children? *Answer:* Aunt George and Uncle George. ("*Sketches by Boz*.")
4. "What the Italians call—" Complete the sentence. *Answer:* Regularly flummoxed. ("*Pickwick Papers*.")
5. What did the Englishman say who learnt French and thought it so like English? *Answer:* Bob swore. ("*David Copperfield*.")
6. What feminine idiosyncrasy "is fruitful hot water for all parties"? *Answer:* What gentlemen like, the ladies don't. ("*Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings*.")
7. Who lived at Taunton Vale? *Answer:* The Hawkinses. ("*Nicholas Nickleby*.")
8. Whom would the prospect of finding anybody out in anything have kept awake under the influence of henbane? *Answer:* Miggs. ("*Barnaby Rudge*.")
9. What ultimately became of the gentleman who labored under an erroneous view of the locality of his stomach? *Answer:* He was ultimately buried at Brixton. ("*Martin Chuzzlewit*.")
10. Who made a spectral attempt at

- drollery, and in what colored spectacles? *Answer:* Mr. Peter Magnus. Blue and green. ("Pickwick Papers.")
11. At what date was aptitude for business to be rewarded with a
The Cornhill Magazine.
- bowl of punch? *Answer:* One of these days. ("Old Curiosity Shop.")
12. Who, in ordering dinner, expressly barred slugs? *Answer:* Bart Smallweed. ("Bleak House.")

PRIMAVERA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

James Miscom.
Sir Eldred Handsaw.
Lady Handsaw
Bessie Miscom (James Miscom's Wife).
Miss Captree.
Mr. Hapgood (The Vicar).

I.

The interior of a country cottage. Dishes, plates, and cups on shelves. Gaily-framed pictures on walls. Photograph of Mr. Asquith on chimney-piece. Bricks of floor still damp from morning scrubbing-brush. A saucepan simmers over a small, clear fire, at the bars of which a flat iron is heating. Bessie Miscom is busy with a clean shirt spread on the table. She is a pretty young woman of twenty-four, with bright eyes, cheeks, and hair.

There is a sharp little knock. She seems to recognize it, casts a rapid glance over the room, smooths her apron, corrects her hair with a light touch, and opens the door to a young lady who is awaiting admission. The visitor is about twenty, tall, clad in very workmanlike tweeds, with an air of assured superiority that takes welcome for granted.

Bessie Miscom curtsies, and wipes a brightly polished chair with her apron before offering it.

Bessie:

You must please excuse me being in a muddle-like, miss.

Miss C. (with quite unaffected condescension):

Your muddle might be a model to

every young wife in the village, Bessie. Well, how is James? (*Looks knowingly at the shirt*) You mean to send him smart to the Poll to-morrow, if he is the wrong color, I see.

Bessie (apologetically, and a little embarrassed):

Men is that fullish, miss and only just across the road too! He won't be long now, miss, not if you want to speak wi' 'im. He's reglar to's meals.

Miss C. (sniffs appreciatively at the saucepan):

I don't wonder, Bessie.

Bessie (gratified):

I do mostly manage to have a bit o' summut hot against he comes, miss.

Miss C. (laughing):

That's the way to manage them! Well, James is a man worth putting oneself out a bit for. Mr. Topskins was telling the Squire that there isn't a job on his farm that James can't do it; and show the man who ought to do it how to do it, too. There's the stuff of a first-class bailiff in him—but I've a poor opinion of men, Bessie.

Bessie:

You, miss! Well, to be sure!

Miss C.:

Well, between you and me, Bessie, I have. Of course, they're our masters and have got to provide for us and all that. But we have the common sense. I'd take your opinion, ten to one, against his.

Bessie (blushing):

You're very good, miss. But that ain't what James do think.

Miss C.:

Better for you both if he did. Now, Bessie, don't let me stop you. Let me see how you iron a shirt. Lady Handsaw is going to pick me up.—She was saying the other day how they want a practical man to save Sir Eldred some of the bother of that home farm of his. He hasn't so much time on his hands as he had, and (*laughing and blushing*) he's likely to have less. I wish he wasn't such a red-hot Tory! But—Ah, there she is! Good-bye, Bessie.

Bessie (hurriedly and anxiously):

Oh, I'm sure, miss, Sir Eldred would hear a word from you—

Miss C.:

When we're married, he'll *have* to, Bessie. I'm on my promotion now. Well, you'll wish the Squire to come in on top, anyhow.

She goes out and joins Lady Handsaw, who is interviewing the grocer's wife from her pony carriage.

Lady H. (about fifty; active, decided, and genial):

In with you, Georgie.—Send those things along with Thomas, Mrs. Fig-meal. And don't forget the soap!—Well?

Miss C. (shakes herself down comprehensively, and pulls her gloves up with some energy):

Bad! Squire's like a bear with a sore head. The agent got at him the other day and *insisted* on his joining a Small Holders' Encouragement Society! (*Both laugh*) And reports are fishy. He's found out that there's an Anarchist Club in the village!

Lady H.:

Anarchist Club!

Miss C.:

In where I came out of.

Lady H.:

"Raid on a Club." I know the heading. Who is it?

Miss C.:

James Miscom. About the best man in the place, all round—best workman, I mean. As for everything else, he's as bad as he can be. Chapel, teetotal—the Lord knows what. Then there's a mechanic of sorts from Slumbridge. And he's worse. And they've got hold of a couple of others. Good, steady fellows they were, regulars at the Red Lamb. And now they all four meet twice a week at James Miscom's. Pay a penny each for a cup of coffee, and *talk*. Regular Radical salon, if you please.

Lady H.:

But that cottage is your father's! Why—?

Miss C. (with bitter sarcasm):

Oh, yes! And the Shipshire Gazette! But hang elections, I say. Well, how's Eldred? Pretty well sick of his home farm by now, I suppose. What were you saying the other day about his wanting a bailiff?

Lady H.:

Bailiff! Eldred!

Miss C.:

Well, wasn't he. Or mightn't he? Or wouldn't he? Or—as much subjunctive as you please.

Lady H. (with intention):

You know best, Georgie. What are you up to? I'm not in it, you villain.

Miss C. (innocently):

In what? Well, he's no good at all to us as he is. If it wasn't for us and those Unionist women, we should have no more chance in the division than—a dumbledore in a bee-hive. The whole fabric of society is breaking up. Don't *laugh*, you *bad* woman! Well, it *is*. Look at teetotalism spreading all over the length and the breadth of the British Isles like a burning fever, as our good doctor told us the other day, hand-in-hand with anarchy and rebellion. Now, do you know I never believed our agent before, when he plastered us all over with butter after last January. But—

Lady H.:

Oh, I know, Georgie. If we women hadn't badgered the laborers' wives into making their husbands' lives a burden to them, four out of five of them would have gone Yellow. Everybody knows *that*.

Miss C.:

Only you put it in such a nasty way! Well, ye haven't done it enough this time. We "sat down on our laurels." I didn't, I take my oath of that. I worked—like a skirt-improver. The cakes I judged and the cakes I cut up! And the tea I drank! And the egg-and-spoon races I ran! And the speeches I listened to!

Lady H.:

Come, you made a good many yourself.

Miss C.:

Well, if I did, they weren't so *nauseating* as some I had to sit out. The worst kind of working-men, you know. There was one carneying, bumptious little beast I could have *throttled* with joy.—Do pull up a moment and let me set myself to rights before we turn in. (*Rectifies hat*) There, will that do?

Lady H. (derisively):

Don't you go and spoil him, Georgie.

A private road through pasture takes them to an old Georgian house. Sir Eldred Handsome comes down the steps to meet them. He is a fine specimen of English manhood, tall, strong, and straightforward.

Sir Eldred:

Halloa, Georgie! I was just going over. Well, mother, so you picked her up and brought her along.

Miss C.:

It's just as well I cut you off. Squire's unapproachable. If you'd gone pouring cold water on him, as you do, he'd have been seeing me in my coffin, as likely as not. Besides, he's due at Hepston at four, and half-a-dozen places afterwards. I wasn't let

come. Mother's jealous of me. And they do look fascinating as Darby and Joan!

Sir Eldred:

Thank God, to-morrow's the end of it!

Miss C.:

A deal of difference it makes to you! You don't do a thing! You shuffled out of, standing yourself, too. It's very hard on *me*. We should have swept the whole division into my hat—canvassing together.

Lady H.:

Don't fight, you two. (*She passes through a door*)

Sir Eldred (laughing):

I prefer to be an oasis, thank you. You can retire to me when your electioneering simoons are intolerable.

Miss C. (allows herself to be consoled in the orthodox way):

Well, you are reposeful, I admit. But I shall have to work you up to active enthusiasm before next election.

Sir Eldred (devoutly):

Please God, Asquith will sit tight for the next five years.

Miss C.:

Will he? I suppose, then, you'll be pleased to learn that we're as good as beaten. It's all your fault! Why didn't you go about and speak?

Sir Eldred:

My mind has only room for one idea at a time.

Miss C. (somewhat placated):

Silly!

Sir Eldred:

Besides, what is there left to say? It's all on posters and leaflets. Why not leave the poor souls a minute or two to think things over for themselves?

Miss C. (sharply):

Why? Why, because if we did, every man Jack of them would vote Yellow. If it wasn't for us—

Sir Eldred:

Now, look here Georgie. I'm not keen upon Parliament at all. But if

I ever do get in, it won't be by way of Petticoat Lane.

Miss C. (indignant):

Indeed! So you turn your back on Our League, and your mother and me! You are unkind. (*Shows signs of tears*)

Sir Eldred (interferes in the proper manner):

Oh, you're all right, Georgie, you and mother. There's no intimidation and corruption as far as you're concerned. Blandishment and cajolery cover your field of operations. Bad enough, but that can't be helped, I'm afraid. But I'll be hanged if I'm so sure of some of the rest of you.

Miss C. (blushing):

Oh, the other side may be trusted to look sharp enough after that. (*A bell rings*) Luncheon, thank Heaven!

II.

The same evening. James Miscom's cottage. Tea things invitingly set out. Hot dripping toast. Glass jar with jam. Clean cloth. James Miscom sits looking gloomily into the fire. He is a powerful man, in laborer's clothes, with a heavy, masculine face, suggesting the surly good-nature of a bull.

James:

I can't think what's come to Traxall. Says I, "See you to-night, Jack." "Not to-night," he says, "James Miscom." Same as that. And there was Billings and Cox outside the Lamb, a-sniggering as I passed 'em! There's summut up. They ain't gone over, be 'em? It's going to be touch and go, this bout. Squire's changed a bit since last January. Then 'twas, "Please yerself about yer vote and you'll please me." And t'other day he meets me and he says, "Vote as you please, James Miscom. But if you vote for Hilboy, you're voting agin yourself. And so I tell ee." So sharp he was. Billings and Cox I don't say. But Traxall's sound stuff. Do you know aught about it, missus?

Bessie:

There, you eat your toast while it's hot, James. What odds is it to us what they do do? I don't like Traxall. Summut in his pocket for to blow us all up with, as like as not. I'd rather he stayed away, for me.

James (looks at her sharply):

Now, out wi' it. You do know what 'tis. I can see it in the face of ee. Now, I ain't agoin' to stand no nonsense. You've been having words wi' 'un, I reckon.

Bessie:

Me words wi' 'un! I wouldn't demean myself! He came along for to say summut about to-night, and I told 'un you'd be a bit early, same as you said.

James:

Well?

Bessie (hesitatingly):

And Miss Georgie, she just looked in afore dinner—I forgot to tell ee—and got to praising you up, as you was fit for a bailiff's place if ever one was. And so you be, James, and if them yaller friends o' yourn was men, they'd see as you was one.

James (sternly):

Well?

Bessie (confused and interruptedly):

And summut about Sir Eldred—as she'll be Lady Handsaw at Easter—and as how they was main put about to find some 'un as could look after the Home Farm, along o' his marrying. And I couldn't help saying, friendly like, as from what Miss Georgie she said, there warn't no doubt o' who 'twould be. And he were downright uncivil. "Oh, that's the way wi' him, is it?" he says, and off, wi' never another word.

James (his face suddenly purple with rage):

You said that, you! You! You went and gave your husband away that way! There, if I took stick to ee, 'twould be less than what you've bin

and earned! But I'll see to—
(*Dashes his fist on the table and goes out in furious anger*)

Bessie:

Oh! Oh! Oh! And us as never had a word afore! I wish Miss Georgie was hanged, I do. Her and everyone of 'em. Oh! (*Covers her face with her apron and cries*)

III.

Same scene. The next morning, day of Poll, 8 a.m.

Bessie (standing by table laid for breakfast, tear-stained and woebegone; a rasher of bacon is in a frying-pan ready to put on):

And never a word when he come in! And out agin afore I opened an eye! (*Listens; then puts frying-pan on fire; James Miscom comes in slowly*).

Bessie:

James! I never went for to do ut. I be so proud of ee and so wishful as you should get for to be what you be fit for to be. 'Taint for myself, James, God knows. I've a right to be content, if ever woman had. Now, don't ee bear malice. I'd a bit my tongue out sooner 'n say a word you wouldn't a had said. Oh! Oh! Oh! (*Breaks down entirely and buries her face against his arm*)

James (face discolored as if by a blow, collar limp and avery, eyes haggard with want of sleep; he speaks with rough good-nature):

There, there! Don't ee go on that way. 'Tis all over. And I baint sure as you warn't in the right of it. I've a-come to see things a bit different since last night.

Bessie:

Oh, James! You be a good man! You tell I what you'd have said and I'll say it, no matter what 'tis. But there! 'Taint nothing to you and I which of 'em do win. It's you as I do think of. I don't care, not the vally o' this button, what they do say.

And Miss Georgie, she meant it kind. And I—I were that proud o' her saying of it! 'Taint the place. 'Tis the way the gentry think of ee as counts wi' I. (*She breaks off, sobbing*)

James (with heavy finality):

I had a word wi' that lot up street last night. And I won't have no more—not never, I won't. They up and told me to my face as I'd bin and sold myself for a balliff's job. And (*with meaning*) I don't think as Traxall is like for to say it agin. Not in my hearing he won't, no matter which way I do give my vote. But there! What's the good o' me standing up agin Squire and every respectable man in the parish, wi' offal like them o' my side? I'm done wi' it! Them as is respectable was meant for to be respected according. 'Tis the way God made the world and it aint no good going agin it.—You go and get that there girt blue favor as some on 'em left here a week ago. I aint James Miscom no more. I be another man as have learnt what's what and who's who, and orders hisself according.—And the Poll's open by now and the sooner 'tis done, the better.

Bessie:

Oh, James! And Miss Georgie she's that good to I. And Sir Eldred, as you wouldn't find a better master in all Shipshire. (*Goes and fetches the blue rosette*) And you do look so natural in Squire's color! (*She fastens it on his coat*) James! You've bin and made me a happy woman this day! (*He goes out holding his head high and displaying the blue rosette defiantly*)

IV.

The next day. Noon. The street in front of James Miscom's cottage. Bessie Miscom is at her door, looking anxiously up the street. Sir Eldred Handsaw drives up, with Miss Captree at his side. She springs down, radiant.

Miss C.:

Bessie! Bessie! You blessed creature!

I heard about James! We're in! Just one half-dozen to the good. It's all you. James's vote! And Traxall and the others never voted at all! We are good for *something*, after all, aren't we, Eldred?

Sir Eldred (gravely):

You are responsible for a good deal, no doubt.—What is it, Mrs. Miscom? You seem upset.

Bessie (courtseys):

My humble duty to both of you, sir, and I be main glad as Squire is in—you'll find James a man as'll be worth his place, sir. And we'll serve the pair of ee, Miss Georgie, and you, sir, as if you was the King and Queen. *(Stops and looks again up the street towards the Red Lamb, a few yards off on the other side of the Road)* It's James, sir, as 'as bin and stepped over to the Lamb, sir *(Excusingly)* They kep it up a bit late some on 'em, along o' Mr. Topskins a-sending down a sovrin for 'em to drink Squire's health and success w'l'. And, James, he've a gone over 'cos he thought they was like to have the news at the Lamb afore any 'un.

A knot of people surround the dog-cart, and the news runs up the street like wild-fire. Half-a-dozen men bundle out of the Lamb, shouting and waving their hats. Among them is James Miscom, uncashed, unshaven, his waistcoat open, his neck-handkerchief under one ear, with a blue rosette hanging to it. He staggers down and across the street and accosts Sir Eldred.

James:

I wish ee joy of her, sir! It's she as have done it.—What be you a-going on that way for, Bessie? I be all right. It's all right w'l' Billings. Where's Billings? I were to say a word for Billings. Come on w'l' ee, Billings, then. We'll find a place for ee, among us.—Here be I, James Miscom, the best balliff—best balliff— And any day as you say the word, sir. I be

ready for to come over. D—n Topskins. Who's Topskins then? You tell I that.

Miss C. (imperatively):

Get him indoors, Bessie!—Drive on, Eldred. *(Bessie moves forward)*

James (savagely):

Dont' you so much as lay a finger on me, or I'll knock the life out of ee. *(Holds on to the shaft of the dogcart)* Get inside w'l' ee, and don't come a-shoving in where you baint wanted. *(To Sir Eldred)* Me and you'll settle it. You be my master—

The crowd is much interested. Little boys comment freely. "Look at 'un! Just look at 'un! Baint he drunk?" A couple of men come forward, touching their caps, and drag his hands from the shaft. Sir Eldred drives on.

Miss C.:

Disgusting beast!—What are you looking at me like that for, Eldred?

Sir Eldred:

So you promised that man the place of balliff with me, if he gave you his vote?

Miss C. (indignantly):

I never said a word to the man! I may have said to his wife that *if* you should ever happen to want a balliff, you might— Well, she may have chosen to take it as a suggestion. But not one word about his vote. And it doesn't bind you, what I say. Besides, you can say that after this disgusting exhibition you see clearly that he isn't fit for a responsible post.—Now, don't look so black just when we are all so happy.

Sir Eldred:

I thought you were fond of that woman.

Miss C.:

Well, so I am.—If he does get drunk now and again, she'll be no worse off than half the other women in the village.—Well, you needn't look so shocked. *(His face does not relax)* What is it after all? One teetotaler

less! *La belle perte!* Come, Eldred!

"Things, you know, like this must be,
At every famous victory."

Now *don't* go and spoil my little triumph. I didn't promise—*anything*.
(*Suppresses a sob*) I *siccar* I didn't.
(*Chokes pathetically*)

The Contemporary Review.

Sir Eldred:

Well, I suppose it can't be helped now.—(*Changes the subject with a wrench*) See, they have got the news already! Up goes the Union Jack at the Lodge!

D. C. Pedder.

ABOUT "MARIE-CLAIRE."

The story of how this beautiful book was written is as simple, as pathetic and wonderful, as the book itself.

There was a seamstress named Marguerite Audoux, as poor as any other seamstress working for her bread in Paris, where, it is said, the working-time was eleven hours a day and six days a week. Marguerite Audoux was delicate and suffered so much from her eyes that she was finally warned by the hospital doctor to stop sewing on pain of losing her eyesight. Unable to sew and unable to read, alone for long hours of every day, she beguiled her loneliness and her sore anxiety by writing the memoirs of her own childhood on odd scraps of paper.

This untaught woman had not the least hope of supporting herself by writing; but she had the instinct for writing as certainly as she had the instinct for literature. What we mean by the instinct for writing none of us can exactly explain; but it is something quite distinct from the desire for a publisher, or for daily bread, or for future fame. François Villon was driven by that instinct when he lay in prison on the last night with his fellow-thieves and cut-throats, all in the dismal certainty of being hanged next morning, and what was François Villon doing? Writing a *ballade*; a *ballade* which remains to us, and in its sharp misery is as unforgettable as

the most beautiful thing he ever wrote, even as

Où est Flora, la belle Romaine——

This is an extreme instance of the power of the instinct for writing; it does not of course explain it. One hardly seeks to explain an instinct.

Marguerite Audoux was not without friends. One of them had taken her to a sort of club where various kinds of people met, some of them literary and some not. They found her interesting and attractive, and all were friendly to her, knowing nothing of her writing. She listened to their discussions on literature and their own work, and finally confessed that she too wrote things for her own pleasure. They persuaded her to bring some of these and read them aloud. Perhaps they were only kind and sympathetic, expecting no great pleasure from the reading. But what she brought to the next meeting was the first part of "Marie-Claire," and she read it beautifully. Their ears, their hearts and minds, were all taken captive; they bade her bring more, bring all she had written, and nothing loath she brought more and read to them. With one accord they saluted the new genius, the star that had risen in their midst. How they must have rejoiced, these kind French hearts, to find that the poor young seamstress threatened with

blindness and hunger to-day, had the means in her own hand of winning freedom and happiness and fame to-morrow!

To my mind quite the most delightful part of this true romance is the conduct of the members of the club, true lovers of literature and true friends of the gentle genius whom they praised and encouraged to the utmost, while with perfect tact they refrained from over-advising her. She worked on now in the sunshine of appreciation and sympathy; she is a slow worker, and "*Marie-Claire*" was not written in one year.

Her friends, of whom Charles-Louis Philippe was one of the most admiring, exerted themselves manfully on her behalf, though well accustomed to exert themselves vainly on their own. It was François Jourdain who finally brought the manuscript when complete to the notice of the potent Octave Mirbeau; and he, as we are informed, having once decided that it should be published, worked with incredible fury for long months, preparing the way for the new masterpiece.

To the lay mind there is something mysterious here. We cannot understand, or expect to understand, why such heroic measures are necessary before the appearance of a successful new book. Of course we have long resigned ourselves perforce to the other mysterious necessity for a preface written by some other than the author. In the present instance we find the Preface to "*Marie-Claire*" written by M. Mirbeau unusually interesting, for without it we should not have known the pathetically interesting facts of the writer's life. And though it may be said that these have nothing to do with the permanent value of her book, the one fact that she wrote without any intellectual training or preparation is really of surpassing importance.

For had we not been told of this, we

should all have said: "This is the book of a very experienced writer. It has an exquisite simplicity of language that must have cost years of hard work to acquire. It has distinction, certainty of touch, and the very finest economy in the use of materials. These are all the gains of experience."

Well, it seems that some of the acute critics in Paris were so much puzzled by the discrepancy between the inexperience of the writer and the technical perfection of her book, that they jumped to the conclusion that a good deal of it must be the work not of poor Marguerite Audoux, but of her gifted literary friends. That was a silly conclusion, but a serious charge to make; and so it happened that a Select Committee of the Académie Française sat to consider the matter. On due consideration it pronounced "*Marie-Claire*" to be indubitably the work of one hand; after which the writer was triumphantly crowned, to the great delight of all, as the author of the best book of the year.

Only we continue to wonder; and Marguerite Audoux continues to find spelling a horrid nuisance.

But it is the property of genius to make us wonder, and this sudden maturity of power is not an unexampled phenomenon. When Alphonse Daudet wrote his "*Lettres de mon Moulin*" he was considerably younger than Marguerite Audoux is now; for he was only seventeen when he left his beautiful native Provence to try his fortune in Paris, and the "*Lettres*" appeared nine years later. Now it is curious to notice that what Charles Sarrailh wrote of the "*Lettres de mon Moulin*" is precisely what the critics have been saying of "*Marie-Claire*."

What is really astonishing about the "*Lettres de mon Moulin*" is that, being the work of a young man, they have none of the faults of youth. Youth is the age of hesitations, gropings, and

awkward imitation; now the "Lettres" have a certainty, a firmness of drawing, an originality, a maturity and self-possession, which are astounding. Youth is the age of excess and exuberance, of disproportion and exaggeration; while the "Lettres" have an Attic sobriety, proportion, and simplicity.

And on the other hand, though they have none of the imperfections of youth, the "Lettres de mon Moulin" have all its best qualities: freshness, spontaneity, naturalness, spirit, ease, and the indefinable charm which breathes like the scent of thyme and rosemary from the whole work and the whole personality of the author. Here we have the song of the cicada to the dawn, the limpid spring bubbling from the mountain.

These lines might very well have been written to describe the first work of Marguerite Audoux instead of Alphonse Daudet. They would of course have left a good deal unsaid, but all criticisms are alike there.

We are told that "Marie-Claire" is an autobiography, and describes the first eighteen years of the writer's life. It bears, however, the description "Roman" on its cover, and this may as well be remembered.

A little girl of five has lost her mother, and been deserted by her father. She is therefore taken to a large convent school, and brought up by charity until she is thirteen years old. At that age she is sent to a farm and taught to be a shepherdess. The farm changes hands through the death of the tenant, but Marie-Claire remains on the place as servant to the new occupier until she is eighteen. There is a short period of happiness through a pathetic love-affair, which ends quickly; and Marie-Claire, bitterly reproached by the family she serves, turns her back on them and seeks refuge in the convent where she had been brought up. Here she is sheltered for a while in semi-disgrace. A beautiful young nun who had protected her dies

one autumn morning, and leaves her without a friend. The convent dismisses her, consigning her to the care of an elder sister, who declines to give her a home. Left alone on the station platform, where the train for Paris is waiting to start, Marie-Claire gets into the train, and the door that is closed on her closes the story.

Now it is very easy to tell that story, but it is not at all easy to tell how that story is told. In the first place, as it begins with a child of five, the story is nothing but a series of short and vivid pictures, just like the reminiscences of a child. Nothing is added from the after-knowledge of the narrator. For instance, the child does not say that her mother died; only that she saw her mother asleep, with her hands crossed on her breast, and how surprising it was that a tall candle should be burning in the room, and her father leaning down to look at her. The convent to this little child was only a great house where there were so many little girls; and all the people in it are characterized very simply, just as they would appear to a child.

There is one exception—the beautiful nun, *Sœur Marie-Aimée* is drawn with intimate understanding, almost as by an equal; but it will be seen at once that it is done by the intuition of a child's love, not by an intellectual process. *Sœur Marie-Aimée* with her lovely face and imperious temper, her tender kindness and hot angers and antipathies, becomes the idol of Marie-Claire; and she is the one heroic touch in that world of infinite littleness, the convent charity-school.

It is, to say the truth, a dreary world. The small brutalities of the children to each other, the small hearts and minds that rule them, the small tyrannies and jealousies, the panic fears and hysterical commotions of untaught women, make a thoroughly discomforting atmosphere. One is

thankful when Marie-Claire is removed to a farm in the Sologne, and as soon as she is there, the book, so to say, bursts into bloom.

The first thing next morning the farmer's wife gave me a cloak of coarse cloth, and I followed old Bibiche to learn how to keep lambs.

Old Bibiche and her dog Castille were so very like each other that I always thought they must be of the same family. They seemed the same age, and their anxious eyes were of the same color. When the lambs strayed Bibiche would say, "Bark, Castille, bark." She repeated it very quickly, as if it were one word, and even when Castille did not bark at all the lambs came back, for the old woman's voice was so like her dog's.

When the harvest began, I seemed to myself to be present at something that was full of mystery. Men went up to the corn and laid it low on the ground with long, regular strokes, while others gathered it up in sheaves, which leaned one against another. . . . The calls of the harvesters seemed sometimes to sound from above, and I could not help lifting up my head to see if carts of corn were passing in the air.

The evening meal brought everyone together again. They all sat as they pleased down the side of the table, and the farmer's wife filled the plates to the brim. The young ones bit into their bread with their teeth, while the old ones cut up each mouthful with precision. They all ate in silence, and the brown bread looked whiter in their dark hands.

This is the farm of Villerville, where no one is unhappy, because the farmer Sylvain and his wife Pauline are "braves gens."

Farmer Sylvain had large dark eyes which rested quietly upon everyone; he spoke without raising his voice, leaning his open hands on the table. The farmer's wife had a grave and care-filled face; she seemed to be always expecting some misfortune to happen, and she hardly smiled when other people were in fits of laughter.

The clean, wholesome life, the dependence on nature and the work of one's hands, the sympathy with animals, and the pure consolation of homely things and faces, all breathe from these pages with the breath of life, and in every one of them the short-spoken accuracy of description is lit up with the enchanter's touch of imagination, the *inner* sight of genius.

This is how winter began for the little shepherdess.

When December came the cows were all housed. I thought the sheep would be the same. But the farmer's brother explained to me that the Sologne was a very poor country, and that farmers could not harvest enough fodder for all their animals.

Now I went quite alone along the meadows and into the woods. All the birds were gone. A mist spread over the ploughed fields, and the woods were full of silence. There were days when I felt so forlorn that I believed the earth had fallen to ruin all around me; and if a crow flew by with a call under the gray sky, his loud hoarse voice seemed to be foretelling the sorrows of the world to me.

The sheep themselves no longer leapt about. The dealer had taken away all the males, and the little ewes had no heart to play any more by themselves. They walked along keeping close together, and even when they were not eating, held their heads down.

Some of them reminded me of little girls that I had known. I stroked them, and made them lift up their heads; but their eyes remained downcast, and their fixed eyeballs looked like glass that reflected nothing.

How perfectly the few words give the forlorn feeling of early winter, the misty dark earth, the melancholy woods,

Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang—

and the depressed little sheep huddling together under a gray sky! Later on comes the snow, and sheep and shep-

herdess have to keep under the roof of the farm. Marie-Claire can help Bibiche to mend the linen, while tall Martine sits spinning at her wheel, singing old laments.

The first day that the sheep were let out, the fir-trees were still all laden with snow. The hill was quite white too; it seemed to have come much nearer to the farm. All this whiteness dazzled me; I could not see things in their proper places, and every moment I was afraid I should lose sight of the blue smoke that rose above the roofs of the farm.

The sheep could find nothing to eat; they ran in every direction. I did not let them stray; they looked not unlike moving snow themselves, and I had to be very careful not to lose sight of them. I managed to get them together in a field that bordered on a great wood. The whole wood was busy getting rid of the snow that weighed it down; thick branches threw it off with one shake, while other weaker ones swayed to and fro to make it slide down to the ground.

There could be nothing shorter or plainer than this; but also there could be nothing more alive. Everything lives in these pages—the trees and the mists as much as the sheep and the old shepherdess' dog. The story has no complication or commonplace excitement. It moves on, more as a series of pictures than as a story, and we follow it with a curious tenseness of feeling. The beautiful measure of the rhythmical prose captivates the ear like poetry; and the strict economy of words answers to some quality of reserve in the writer, a reserve coupled with an unfailing perception of the essential thing to note. Hence there is never a superfluous word, and every word used is wanted as every line drawn is wanted in a fine etching. We have a distinct vision of M. Tirande, "a little dried-up man, who could never keep still, and when he stopped for a moment anywhere, still

seemed to be dancing on one foot." His tall daughter-in-law, who had dark, heavy eyes and a voice without tone, is engraved on our minds; a woman whose whole soul was in her linen-chests. Once Marie-Claire, greatly daring,—for the heavy-eyed woman was then her mistress,—tried to win her compassion to save a poor man from being turned out of his house.

As soon as the men had gone out I ventured to speak of Jean le Rouge.

I explained how useful he had been to Farmer Sylvain. I told of his grief at leaving that house where he had lived so long, and when I stopped, in an agony of suspense for the answer that should come, Mme. Alphonse pulled the crochet-needle out of her work and said—

"I think I have made one wrong stitch."

She counted up to nineteen, and added—

"It is a nuisance, I shall have to undo a whole row."

The life on the farm is very quiet, very monotonous, full of hard work and peace. All interests are centred in the place itself. No one ever gets a letter there; only one man reads books. But on the Feast of St. John, Marie-Claire in a new yellow dress is taken to a neighboring village, and to church. Characteristically she watches the people, and neglects the Service; afterwards, is much better pleased when the schoolmaster lends her a book of fairy tales for half-an-hour.

On the village green boys and girls were dancing in the sun and dust. I thought their movements exaggerated and their gaiety too noisy.

A kind of deep depression came over me! and when at nightfall we drove back to the farm, I felt a real solace at finding myself back in the silence and the perfume of the meadows.

The sensitive little soul, spite of her true sympathy with animals, her suc-

cessful dealings with the tormenting goat and with the uncertain bull, was not after all a model shepherdess, and so she is made a house-servant,—much to her own delight, as that enables her to pay constant visits to a certain garret where there is an old book without a cover, "*The Adventures of Telemachus*," which she reads in secret snatches, being afraid to carry it away. Reading is her passion, and she will always sacrifice sleep to indulge it.

I loved this book; to me it was like a young prisoner whom I went to visit by stealth. I fancied him dressed like a page, and waiting for me, seated on the black beam. One evening I took a beautiful journey with him.

After having closed the book, I leant on my elbows at the garret-window. The day was nearly over, and the fir-trees looked less green. The sun was sinking in white clouds which swelled out and made hollows like down.

Without knowing how it happened, I found myself suddenly flying over the wood with *Telemachus*. He held me by the hand, and our heads touched the blue of the sky. *Telemachus* said nothing, but I knew that we were going into the sun.

Old *Bibiche* called me from below. I recognized her voice quite well in spite of the distance. She must have been very angry to shout so loud. Little did I care for her shouting. I saw nothing but that shining down which surrounded the sun, and was just beginning to open to let us pass through.

A blow on my arm made me fall back into the garret. Old *Bibiche* pulled me away from the window, saying—

"Now what is the sense of making me call like that! I have called you more than twenty times to come and take your soup."

A short while afterwards the book disappeared from the beam where I used to find it. But it was a friend that I carried still in my heart, and I kept the remembrance of it a long while.

This is just the characteristic attraction of *Marie-Claire*, that anything she loved was "carried as a friend in her heart a long while." And she loved so many things—a book more than any of them, but also the tall old elm-tree that grew near the door of the farm, the voice of the wood-owl that hooted "good-night" on summer evenings, the soft grass underfoot in spring, the sound of bells carried in waves on the breeze, and a low house on the hill with the broom growing round it as high as the roof, the house of *Jean le Rouge*. When she mentions any of these things, she does it in a way that gives one a curious little thrill, and a sudden sense of intimacy with the writer. That, I think, is a sign that all her love is just a very pure quality of imagination. She is a creature of two worlds, and the inner world is where she lives at home. The scene in which she moves and acts is always present to her as a picture; and the extreme beauty of her language, recounting her own experience, gives now and then an almost uncanny feeling, as if we had heard two voices speaking where we thought there was only one person.

When *Marie-Claire* was seventeen, she went one day to the little empty house on the hill, which had once held her friends, and made her way through the desolate small rooms into the garden at the back.

And now that I was in this unfenced garden all surrounded with flowering broom, I began to wish I could live there for ever.

A great apple-tree leant sideways towards me, and dipped the tips of its branches in the spring.

The spring came out under the hollow trunk of a tree, and the overflow ran away in tiny rivulets across the borders.

This garden full of flowers and clear water seemed to me the most beautiful garden on earth, and when I turned

my head towards the house now wide open to the sun, I kept expecting that some wonderful beings would come forth from it.

That low and colorless house seemed full of mystery; little gliding sounds came from it, sudden and irregular noises, and all at once I believed I had heard the sound that Henri Deslois' foot made when he crossed the threshold of the farm at Villevielle.

I had listened, as intently as if I were hoping to see him approach. But the noise of the footsteps was not repeated, and soon I noticed that the bushes of broom and the trees were making all kinds of mysterious noises.

I imagined myself a young tree that the wind could move at its pleasure. The same fresh breeze that bent the broom was passing over my head, and blowing my hair about; and to imitate the apple-tree I stooped and wet my fingers in the pure water of the spring.

A new noise made me look towards the house, and I felt no surprise at seeing Henri Deslois standing in the frame of the doorway.

His head was bare, and his arms swinging.

He took two steps into the garden, and gazed far away over the plain.

His hair was parted on one side, and his forehead was very high above the temples.

For one long moment he stood without moving; then he turned directly towards me.

Only two trees separated us from each other; he made another step, with one hand he took hold of the young tree in front of him, and the blossoming branches made a kind of cluster above his head. So clear was the light that it seemed to me as if the bark of the trees was shining, and as if every flower was beaming, and in the eyes of Henri Deslois there was a sweetness so profound that I went straight towards him without the least confusion.

He made no movement, but when I stopped before him, his face grew whiter than his *blouse*, and his mouth trembled.

He took both my hands, which he pressed tightly against his temples, and said in a very low voice:

"I am like a miser who has found his treasure again."

At that moment the clock of the church of Sainte-Montague began to strike. The sounds came running up the hill, and after stopping for an instant above us, went on to lose themselves still higher.

The hours passed with the daylight, the flocks disappeared one by one from the plain; a white mist rose from the little river; then the sun passed behind the barrier of poplar trees, and the flowers of the broom began to grow darker.

Henri Deslois took me back on the road to the farm; he walked before in the narrow pathway, and when he left me a little before we came to the chestnut alley, I felt that I loved him more than *Sœur Marie-Aimée*.

In all this extraordinary passage there is something beyond poetical beauty: there is actually natural magic, the rarest of qualities even among the poets. From henceforth the garden of poor Jean le Rouge, where the twisted apple-trees lean down to the water and bear blossoms of light, takes rank with the wonder-filled places of literature—with the forests of Spenser, and the sea-washed islands of Marvell, and the ice-palaces of Hans Andersen; for, like them the garden of poor Jean le Rouge is full of enchanted air.

It seems to me that this one passage is amply sufficient to prove the genius of Marguerite Audoux. It is fresh and strange, and stirs something in the brain that never stirred before. Now it is not everything to say, There is genius here. We can generally find some account to give even of this weird possession; but the genius of Marguerite Audoux is strangely unaccountable. Her gift of a rare simplicity in language, exquisitely chosen and pointed, at one time reminds us of the supreme and concealed art of Tennyson, and yet oftener it is like the perfect artlessness of a child.

She is like a poet when she speaks of the great field of wheat bowed by the

wind but rooted to the earth, with a host of white butterflies hovering over it, vainly offering their wings to help the wheat to fly; and when she tells of that vast church in the mist, with its great rough-columned aisle and far-off altar-lights, and open doors at which the sheep tried to enter because they knew it was their own familiar chestnut-alley leading to the farm, while their bewildered little shepherdess thought it was a church. But she is just like a child when she speaks of the lovely rainbow colors on the foam of the milk in her pail; of what fun it was to make little pigs wait a minute for their food, and see them wriggling their eager snouts; or how dreadful it was alone in the wood on that stormy moonlit night, when the rushing shadows chased her, and she had to spring over them for fear they should touch her feet. It is hard for a child not to cry when it is laughed at, and she nearly cried when Farmer Sylvian doubled himself up with laughing at her combat with the wicked white goat.

Then all her loves and friendships are so childlike—especially the friendship with Eugène, whom in her secret heart she considered as her big brother; the gentle, quiet man with amused eyes and a knack of doing small kindnesses and smoothing the way for other people's hasty feet. His own were slow, and he walked with a swing in his gait, as if he were always following his leisurely oxen. He read books and understood many things, and was loved of all; only he was useless on a market-day, as he could not sell so much as a cheese, and he was constitutionally incapable of killing anything. Any child would have loved Eugène, and Marie-Claire had a secret conviction that she alone understood when his eyes hid their amusement, and what he meant when he said nothing.

Eugène would certainly have understood if he had been there in the dreadful time when trouble came, so close upon the shortlived joy, and Henri Deslois was not man enough to stand up to it. But Eugène was far away then—he had passed out of her life. She had no friend then and had lost her lover. A wild desire came over the girl to see Sœur Marie-Aimée again. She set off in the falling snow, and made her way back to the convent which had sent her out to face the world at thirteen. There was no Sœur Marie-Aimée there any more. The same stony-hearted Mother Superior received her with the same cold dislike that she had always shown. The girl was sinking in despair, and a young nun, beautiful and kind-hearted, rescued her and won her back to life.

In any other book, especially a woman's book, we should expect here an excursion into the inner chambers of grief. But we find no such thing. Marie-Claire is not introspective. It is perfectly clear that her heart is broken—as the hearts of the young break,—but there are not many words about it. She has to work very hard, which is nothing new to her, and suspicious eyes are upon her.

She is back now within the convent-walls that sheltered her childhood, but she has lost the only perfect shelter her heart has ever known, which was within the arms of Sœur Marie-Aimée. That heroic spirit, so loving, so imperfect, so sorely tried, has won its freedom at last, and is all but crowned. Sœur Marie-Aimée for one short hour returns to the convent. It is towards evening, in the autumn; and Marie-Claire sees her again, *once*.

The meeting of these two women for the last time is like nothing that one has met with in literature.

She sat down, without leaning back against the lime-tree, and I knelt in the grass at her feet.

Her eyes had lost their gleams; one would have said that their colors had mingled, and her face that was so thin had all grown smaller as it were and farther back under her nun's hood. Her bodice did not curve across her breast as it used to do, and her hands showed their blue veins.

Her gaze rested hardly a moment on the window of her room; it passed over the lime-tree alleys, it went all round the great square courtyard, and while it stopped at the house of the Mother Superior, she let these words escape her lips, in a murmur—

"We must indeed forgive others, if we would be forgiven!"

Her gaze came back to rest on me, and she said—

"Your eyes are sad."

She passed the palms of her hands over my eyes, as if she wanted to efface from them something that did not please her; and keeping them still shut, she said in the same murmuring voice—

"So many griefs pass over us!"

She took away her hands to clasp them with mine, and without moving her eyes from my face, in an accent of entreaty, she spoke to me—

"My sweet daughter, listen to me: never become a poor nun!"

She seemed to breathe a long sigh of regret, and went on—

"Our dress of black and white is to tell others that we are creatures of strength and of light, and all tears are poured out before us, and all sorrows call on us to console them; but as for us, no one cares for our sorrows, and it is as if we had no faces."

Then she spoke of the future; she said—

"I am going away where missionaries go. I shall live down there in a house full of terror. I shall have for ever before my eyes all things that are hideous, all things that are corrupt!"

I listened to her deep voice; below it there was a kind of ardor: one would have said that she could have taken upon herself alone all the sufferings upon earth.

Her fingers ceased twining themselves with mine. She passed them over my cheeks, and her voice turned very sweet as she said to me—

"The pureness of your face will remain graven in my mind."

And as her gaze was lifted above me, she added—

"God has given us remembrance, and it is not in the power of anyone to take that from us."

She got up from the bench, I went with her as far as the way out, and when Bel-Cell had reclosed the heavy door behind her, I listened for a long moment to the hollow drawn-out sound it made.

That evening *Sœur Désirée-des-Anges* came later than usual to our room. She had been present at the special prayers offered before the departure of *Sœur Marie-Aimée*, who was going away to nurse the lepers.

One would not care to be the kind of writer who could offer a comment upon this. But it is simply impossible to give any idea of the book without this passage.

And indeed I am far from confident of having given any just impression of the book. In directness of feeling and depth of insight it is like poetry, and what one longs to say is only—

"Read it,—read it, and you will see!"

For it does not remind one of any other book: it is, in simple fact, a new thing in literature. For this reason it seems to me that every one should seek to know *Marie-Claire*. For the few people who cannot read French—such transparent French as this—there is an English translation by Mr. J. N. Raphael. Opinions are divided as to the merits of the translation: some of the objections brought against it seem rather trivial, but as far as I am aware, the most serious mistake it contains has passed unnoticed.

Marie-Claire tells (on page 181) that it was her habit on Sundays, when she returned from hearing Mass, to bring back her tiny portion of "*pain bénit*," and divide it amongst the children of *Jean le Rouge* in the little house on the hill. The "*pain bénit*" should of

course be translated "blessed bread." But Mr. Raphael translates it "the consecrated wafer," a perfectly impossible idea, and one that would give most painful offence to many readers—it might have been supposed, to all. The same expression occurring again (on page 210) is translated in the same way, so it is evidently no slip. Mr. Raphael apparently does not know that it is the custom in some parts of France to distribute the "*pain bénit*" amongst the congregation after certain religious services: it is a custom not observed in Italy or in Ireland or in other Roman Catholic countries, and I do not know its origin, though its meaning is easily guessed. Mr. Raphael will no doubt be glad to correct his mistake in future editions of his book.

We hear no more of *Sœur Marie-Aimée*. We do not know what happened at the farm at Villevieille, or what became of Eugène, and his beloved oxen. It seems as if Marie-Claire were born to lose all her friends, each in a different way, only to keep them for ever in her heart. The last friend of all, and the one who came to her in her worst need, was the young nun with the beautiful face and name, and beautiful gift of consolation, *Sœur Désirée-des-Anges*.

She was a merry girl once, whose high spirits and curly hair were well remembered by Marie-Claire, and yet she did not know her when she saw her again in her nun's dress. This young Sister had conquered many an impulse of youth, and now in her secret chamber at night she put her slender hands together "like the saints," and read Thomas-à-Kempis in her plaintive voice before she slept; but there was one thing she could not conquer, and that was her aversion to the black and heavy nun's dress that she wore. She was ill, yet she was always gay, and complained of nothing

except that her dress seemed to grow heavier.

Marie-Claire slept with her, and one morning very early was awakened by hearing her say something: then she saw the young nun sitting up in bed, uncovering her hair.

Then she shook her head, making her short curly hair fall down over her forehead, and instantly I recognized *Désiré Joly*.

A little frightened, I got up; she said again—

"Open the window, that he may come in!"

I threw the window wide open, and when I turned round, *Sœur Désirée-des-Anges* stretched out her clasped hands towards the rising sun, and in a voice that had grown suddenly weak she said—

"I have taken off my dress,—I could not bear it any longer."

She laid herself quietly down at full length, and nothing moved in her face any more.

For a long time I held my breath to listen to hers; then I began to breathe hard and slowly, as if I might make my breath enter her breast.

But when I drew closer to look at her, I understood that the last breath had gone out of her body. Her wide-open eyes seemed to be gazing at a sunbeam that shot out like a long arrow.

Swallows passed and repassed before the window, uttering cries like little girls, and sounds that I had never heard before filled my ears.

I lifted up my head towards the dormitory windows, hoping that some person might be able to hear what I had to say.

But my gaze met nothing except the face of the great clock, which seemed to be looking into the room from above the lime-trees; it pointed to five o'clock: then I drew up the bed-coverings over *Sœur Désirée-des-Anges*, and went out to ring the *réveil*.

I rang for a long time; the sounds went very, very far away! They went where *Sœur Désirée-des-Anges* had gone.

I rang, because I thought the bell

was telling all the world that Sœur Désirée-des-Anges was dead.

I rang also because I hoped that she would put her beautiful face to the window once more, to say to me—

"That's enough! enough!"

Mélanie suddenly caught the rope away from me. The bell, which was starting, fell back wrong, and made a sound like a kind of lament.

Mélanie said to me—

"Are you crazy? here you have been ringing more than a quarter of an hour!"

I answered—

"Sœur Désirée-des-Anges is dead."

Anyone who reads this will feel how absolutely individual it is. Not the most prosaic of minds could contemplate it without realizing that here at last he has encountered the

shaping spirit of imagination.

He must feel as certain of it as that his boots are on his feet. And if his sense of annoyance at the wretchedly inadequate remarks of the present reviewer should rise to a height, let him

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try to calm it by writing *for himself* an adequate and satisfactory account of the sensations he has received from the perusal of "Marie-Claire."

With what will he compare them?

With sufficient courage I might confess that there come floating into my own mind comparisons with the delicate and dearly imaginative music of Grieg, and also comparisons with the color of the blue wind-flowers that open here in April, and show one color to the sun and another when the cold wind blows.

But how can one seriously offer such lucubrations to other minds as "criticism"?

No! I prefer to quote three lines from a letter received from the author of "Thoughts on Paradox":—

Is it not *the* most perfectly simple thing in the world? The last and greatest art, we know, is the art of leaving out, but this woman leaves out almost everything by nature. I can only say that she must have the heart of a child and the brain of a genius.

Maira O'Neill.

OUR CORONATION ODE.

Uplift thee, Muse—

(By the way I ought to have said at once that this Ode is going to be recited by Mrs. Banting-Bate in our village on Coronation Day. The Vicar asked me to write it, and though I am not much good at poetry I couldn't very well refuse.)

Uplift thee, Muse, and sing us how and when

Beneath the shadow of the Larger Ben

The King of England and the Queen were crowned—

With lumti-umti-umti standing round—

(I have still to put the finishing touches to my Ode, but I want to make the scheme of it public before the other poets come out with theirs; so that no one can accuse me afterwards of plagiarism.)

Uplift thee, Muse, and sing us why and where

So many what-d'you-call-'ems sit and stare

Upon the King of England and the Queen
In tooral-ooral umti-something sheen—

(You see the idea.)

But most uplift thee, Muse, to tell of those
Who, for the lack of necessary clothes,
Or else because they do not like a crush,
Remain behind at Bewdlay-on-the-Mush—*(our village).*
Their hearts beat just as loyally as if,
Clad in a something-umthing collar stiff,
Or in a lumti-tumti harem gown
They'd left the country for the stifling town.
Loyalty burst from every heart in spates,
But, most of all, from Mr. Banting-Bate's!—

*(Husband of Mrs. Banting-Bate. He has very kindly lent his hill
for the bonfire. There will be a pause here, while the Vicar
leads the cheering.)*

Lo, lightly dawns at last the day of Kings,
Of Poms and Power and Pageantry and things,
When to the Abbey goes beloved George—
Ter-rumti-umti-umti forge or gorge—

(This line doesn't look very promising at present.)

Archbishop, Bishop, Dean, Archdeacon, Priest,
Gathered from North and South and West and East,
Duke, Marquis, Earl, Baron and Baronet
And Viscount too, in solemn conclave met,
Salute him, England's monarch—"George the Fifth!"

*(Tremendous applause, led by Mr. Banting-Bate. I hope it will
go on long enough to hide the fact that we are going to lose a
line here. The fact is there is simply no rhyme to "fifth.")*

And lo! the cheers break forth, both long and loud,
From everybody in the Abbey's crowd—
From Duke and Deacon, from *The Daily Mail's*
Own correspondent and the Prince of Wales.
Still more they cheer (how much I cannot tell)
As soon as good Queen Mary's crowned as well—

*(Applause led by Mrs. Bletcherstone, who inaugurated the Mary
Fund in our village.)*

The ceremony over, then they go
Around the city in procession slow;
In all the pageantry of pomp and power
They ride through London for about an hour—*(roughly.)*
Let us, dear people, let us leave them there—
So kingly, queenly, noble and so fair.

*(A pause, while Miss Gathers of the Post Office presents Mrs.
Banting-Bate with a glass of water.)*

So much for that. And now a solemn hush
Comes o'er us here in Bewdlay-on-the-Mush.

Our Coronation Ode.

These scenes which I have tried to adumbrate—
The Coronation and the March in State—

These scenes are not for us—except, I hope,
Upon the Little Bewdlay bioscope.

But even here, remote from King and Queen.

How great our preparat-i-ons have been!

Some say the tale of it has darkly spread

From Upper Bewdlay down to Bewdlay Head—

(Two important towns in the neighborhood.)

Who knows but what a rumor of the thing

Has even reached our gracious Queen and King!

How that a certain resident of fame—*(Mr. Banting-Bate)*

Has nobly lent the place which bears his name—

(Banting Place. Mr. Bate took the additional name of Banting when he took the place. And, to be exact, he has only lent one hill on the Estate.)

That there a bonfire might be built and burnt

And lessons too of loyalty be learnt—

(I mean, of course, that the bonfire will in itself be a lesson. Not that any sort of continuation class will be held upon the ashes.)

Moreover, how the Vicar will assist

Supported by his kindly wife, I wist—

(Not good—and might easily be misinterpreted. Will alter)

When all the children each receive a mug

Designed by Mrs. Welington (*née* Sugg)—

(An extraordinary bit of luck. I don't know what I should have done for a rhyme otherwise.)

Next, Muse, take out thy lyre and sing the song

Short-long, short-long, short-long, short-long, short-long

(A difficulty here being that the rest of the celebrations are not yet decided upon. However, I anticipate no trouble when once the facts are in my hands.)

.

Now let us turn our thoughts across the sea

To where the Union Jack is waving free!

I breathe upon my magic harp and sing

The what's-its-name of what-d'you-call-the-thing—

(I want a good phrase for Empire.)

For lo! ter-umti-tooral-ooral-ay—

(This part is all a little in the rough at present. When polished up it will take up about ten lines. After that it will finish up quite quickly like this)

And now, good people, one thing still remains

Ere we go out into the fields and lanes;

One thing before we leave this solemn scene—

Namely to cry "God Save the King and Queen!"

Punch.

A. A. M.

"PASSING REMARKS."

"You know nothing at all about it in your class of life." This was the parting shot of a working man sent after the present writer in conclusion of an argument. The hand-worker had freely acknowledged that he had lately been deterred by irresponsible criticism from a course of conduct he greatly desired to pursue. "Remarks," he said, had been "passed" which he felt unable to disregard and of which he dare not challenge a repetition. The "remarks," so far as the brain-worker was able to find out, emanated neither from his friends, his employers, nor his enemies, but from casual acquaintance whose opinions one would have thought could have no weight with him whatever. The case is typical. Everyone who knows anything of the poor has heard them express an absurd fear of "remarks." Only the other day the writer was told of a gardener who had offered to build a shed in his employer's garden. Some person unknown, strolling aimlessly up the road, looked over the fence and "passed a remark" to the effect that gardeners should confine themselves to their proper work and not take the bread out of the mouths of professional shed-builders. The gardener, who was unable to make a guess even at his critic's identity, begged to be allowed to leave the job unfinished, though he had undertaken it at his own suggestion and had to all appearance taken a keen interest in its progress. One more illustration occurs to the writer's recollection. A little while ago he inquired of a working man, in the course of conversation, whether he had lately been through the main street of a neighboring village. "No," he replied, "I don't walk that way now of a Sunday; there have been remarks passed." It was impossible not to

feel some curiosity as to the import of these "remarks" whose effect was potent to shut up to their object a whole mile of delectable road. Had the speaker been a bachelor, or even a less devoted husband and father, a romantic explanation might have suggested itself. But to one accustomed to meet the sober householder on his slow Sunday rambles, accompanied by his wife and children, no such interpretation could commend itself. Were the remarks personal—did they refer to his age, to his increasing weight, to his wife's appearance, or to the children's clothes; were they made directly or under cover of chaff, or were they repeated? It is impossible to decide. All we can be sure is that criticism, whether it come directly or roundabout, adds a terror to life as soon as you go below a certain level of cultivation.

A small amount of light is thrown upon this matter by the fact that the uneducated are slow at repartee and at parrying a question. The man whose conversational muscles have been trained knows far better how to defend himself than one who has not had his talking powers exercised every day from childhood up. The poor are very conscious of their weakness here. That, we think, is why it does not injure a poor man's honor to tell a lie when asked an awkward question by a man who regards himself as his superior. He will defend himself by falsehood, as many schoolboys will, because he knows that he has no other chance of escape. Among themselves we do not believe they do this. Not unfrequently, in repeating a conversation between themselves and a neighbor, they will explain how they gave an evasive answer "to pass it off." But sophisticated society knows a hun-

dred methods of "passing it off" to their one and is a thousand times harder to take in. To go back to the question of readiness, verbal defence requires so much more agility than attack. A man who wants to be offensive can always take his time, his victim must act on the spur of the moment or surrender. Another thing which one must always take into consideration in discussing the point of view of a society more primitive than one's own is that friendship is not very common among simple people. Almost all affection is expended within the family. If we heard a cultivated man or woman say "I have no friends," we should know that he or she spoke out of the bitterness of his or her heart. But poor people often make use of the expression, and they only mean to imply that they regard themselves as "superior." They do not, as we do, live "among friends," helpful and kind as they are to one another. They do not readily exchange ideas, and they cannot afford to exchange hospitality. The two chief incentives to friendship are lacking among them. The poor have, there is no doubt, an offensive and defensive alliance, but it is that, rather than what we know as sympathy, which keeps what is in many ways a close corporation together. Consequently they are suspicious of one another, though in the face of the stranger perfectly loyal. The art of give and take does not come by nature.

The most incomprehensible part of the whole matter is that as a rule a rough criticism from one of his own kind does not set up the poor man's back. He does not resent it, or not nearly so keenly as an educated man would. It is very seldom that he turns obstinate under criticism. No, he tries to avoid it. Is he less of an individualist than he becomes after a generation or two of intellectual exer-

cise? one wonders. To go back to the analogy of the schoolboy, the boldest boy will refuse to run counter to a fashion prevailing among his equals at his school. He regards his critics very much as a poor man regards his. It is difficult to analyze the nature of the coercion to which the boys bow. It is not necessarily accompanied by bullying. It is still more difficult to explain the submission of the working man. The brain-worker "knows nothing at all about it."

One more possible explanation, however, suggests itself to our minds: Do the rules against repeating run among the poor? We imagine not, and it is here perhaps lies the key to the matter. Half the confusion caused by the "passing of remarks" is no doubt caused by direct criticism, and has nothing to do with repetition, but direct criticism will always be inconsiderate where no criticism can be made in confidence. If what we say to Smith about Jones is sure to get to Jones sooner or later, we may as well say it straight. As to refraining altogether from criticism, you might as well tell a man to refrain from curiosity, or, indeed, from speech altogether. The cultivated, who have brought the art of life to a far higher point than the uncultivated, have protected their liberty by a social rule. They say what they like about every one, and it does not get to the ears of the man about whom they have said it.

Of course many cynics will deny this, and of course many things are repeated, but few men and women, we believe, if they search their memories, will be able to find many instances of serious harm done by repetition. It happens occasionally. Letters go wrong occasionally, but only in very exceptional cases. We have heard it said that in the small society which lives at leisure, and therefore gives itself largely to the pursuit of pleasure,

the repetition of unkind criticism is more common than among brain workers. We have also heard this contradicted. Perhaps the explanation of the two accounts may lie in the fact that in such society sensitiveness is not very common. They are not dishonorable, but they are hardy. Criticisms are perhaps made and repeated among them which the brain worker could not endure. Sham fighting is a game which does not appeal to the working man, whether he work with his head or his hands. He has no need of an artificial outlet for his energies. There is, we think, no doubt that the law against repetition is, even among the cultivated, more far-reaching than it was. There is a dim tradition, still preserved among elderly governesses, of a time when children were told to say nothing behind anyone's back which they could not say before his face.

The Spectator.

Such a rule must have been invented to soften life when the repetition of unfavorable criticism was not utterly condemned. As things are, the majority of educated people have arranged to spare themselves. They avoid "passing" unkind "remarks," and they avoid passing them on. The poor have not yet got so far. We cannot imagine the doctor looking over the barrister's wall and saying "How dare you prescribe a mustard plaster for your little boy! It's taking the bread out of the mouths of the medical profession." The proof of the matter seems to lie in the fact that the poor are frightened by the bare thought of criticism, whereas we are not, the reason being, perhaps, that they have a franker criticism to fear, since they are plainly not greater cowards than we are.

THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

There are strange regions where the monotony of ignoble streets is broken only by an occasional church, a Board School, or a public-house. From the city's cathedral to every point of the compass, except the west, they stretch almost without limit till they reach the bedraggled fields maturing for development. They form by far the larger part of an Empire's capital. Each of them is, in fact, a vast town, great enough as far as numbers go, to make the Metropolis of a powerful State. Out of half-a-dozen of them, such as Islington, Bethnal Green, or Bermondsey, the County Council could build half-a-score of Italian republics, like the Florence or Pisa of old days, if only it had the mind. Each possesses a character, a peculiar flavor, or, at the worst, a separate smell. Many of them are traversed every day by thousands of

rich and well-educated people, passing underground or overhead. Yet to nearly all of us they remain strange and almost untrodden. We do not think of them when we think of London. Them no pleasure-seeker counts among his opportunities, no foreigner visits as essential for his study of the English soul. Not even Government officials, who talk so much about architecture, discuss their architecture in the clubs. Not one in a thousand of us has ever known a human soul among their inhabitants. To the comfortable classes the Libyan desert is more familiar.

At elections, even politicians remember their existence. From time to time a philanthropist goes down there to share God's good gifts with his poorer brethren, or to elevate the masses with tinkling sounds or a

painted board. From time to time an adventurous novelist is led round the opium-shops, dancing-saloons and docks, returning with copy for tales of lust and murder that might just as well be laid in Siberia or Timbuctoo. When we scent an East End story on its way, do we not patiently await the battered head, the floating corpse, the dynamiter's den, or a woman crying over her ill-begotten babe? Do we not always get one or other of the lot? To read our story-tellers from Mr. Kipling downward, one might suppose the East End to be inhabited by bastards engaged in mutual murder, and the marvel is that anyone is left alive for the subject of a tale. You may not bring an indictment against a whole nation, but no sensational writer hesitates to libel three million of our fellow-citizens. Put it in Whitechapel, and you may tell what lie you please.

About once in a generation some "Bitter Cry" pierces through custom, and the lives of "the poor" become a subject for polite conversation and amateur solicitude. For three months, or even for six, that subject appears as the intellectual "*rôti*" at dinner-tables; then it is found a little heavy, and cultured interest returns to its natural courses of plays, pictures, politics, a dancing woman, and the memorials of Kings. It is almost time now that the poor came up again, for a quarter of a century has gone since they were last in fashion, and men's collars and women's skirts have run their full orbit since. Excellent books have appeared, written with intimate knowledge of working life—books such as Charles Booth's "London" or Mr. Richard Free's "Seven Years Hard," to mention only two; but either the public mind was pre-occupied with other amusements, or it had not recovered from the lassitude of its last philanthropic debauch. Nothing has roused that fury of charitable curiosity which

accompanies a true social revival, and leaves its victims gasping for the next excitement. The time is, perhaps, now ripe, but we cannot foretell any more startling influence for Mr. Alexander Paterson's book, "Across the Bridges" (Arnold). Excellent though it is, its excellence, in fact, will exclude it from fashion. For it is written with the restraint of knowledge, and contains no touch of melodrama from beginning to end. Not by knowledge or restraint are the insensate sensations of fashion reached.

As his title shows, Mr. Paterson's experience has lain on the south side of the river, and the district possesses peculiarities of its own. On the whole, we think, the riverside streets there are rather more unhealthy than those in the East End. Many houses stand below water-level, and in digging foundations we have sometimes found the black sludge of old marshes squirting up through the holes, and even bringing with it embedded reeds that perhaps were growing when Shakespeare acted there. The population is more distinctly English than on the north side. Where the poverty is extreme it is more helpless. Work as a whole is rather steadier, but not so good. The smell is different and very characteristic, partly owing to the hop-markets. Life seems rather sadder and more depressing there, with less of gaiety and independence; but that may be because the present writer is more intimate with the East End, and intimacy with working people nearly always improves their aspect. It is, indeed, fortunate for our sensational novelists that they remain so ignorant of their theme, for otherwise murders, monsters, and mysteries would disappear from their pages, and goodness knows how they would make a living then!

It is not crime and savagery that characterize the unknown lands where

the working classes of London chiefly live. Matthew Arnold said our lower classes were brutalized, and he was right, but not if by brutality he meant cruelty, violence, or active sin. What characterizes them and their streets is poverty. Poverty and her twins, unhappiness and waste. Under unhappiness, we may include the outward conditions of discomfort—the crowded rooms, the foul air, the pervading dirt, the perpetual stench of the poor. In winter the five or six children in a bed grow practised in turning over all at the same time while still asleep, so as not to disturb each other. In a hot summer the bugs drive the families out of the rooms to sleep on the doorstep. Cleanliness is an expensive luxury almost as far beyond poverty's reach as diamonds. The foul skin, the unwashed clothes, the layer of greasy smuts, the boots that once fitted someone, and are now held on by string, the scraps of food bought by the pennyworth, of tea, condensed milk, fried fish, bread and "strawberry flavor," the coal bought by the "half-hundred," the unceasing noise, the absence of peace or rest, the misery of sickness in a crowd—all such things may be counted among the outward conditions of unhappiness, and only people who have never known them would call them trivial. But by the unhappiness that springs from poverty we mean far worse.

The definition of happiness as "an energy of the soul along the lines of excellence, in a fully developed life" is ancient now, but we have never found a better. From happiness so defined, poverty excludes our working-classes in the lump, almost without exception. For them an energy of the soul along the lines of excellence is almost unknown, and a fully developed life impossible. In both these respects their condition has probably become worse within the last century.

If there is a word of truth in what historians tell us, a working-man must certainly have had a better chance of exercising an energy of his soul before the development of factories and machinery. What energy of the personal soul is exercised in a mill-hand, a tea-packer, a slop-tailor, or the watcher of a thread in a machine? How can a man or woman engaged in such labor for ten hours a day at subsistence wage enjoy a fully developed life? It seems likely that the old-fashioned workman who made things chiefly with his own hands and had some opportunity of personal interest in the work, stood a better chance of the happiness arising from an energy of the soul. His life was also more fully developed by the variety and interest of his working material and surroundings. This is the point to which our prophets who pour their lamentations over advancing civilization should direct their main attack, as, indeed, the best of them have done. For certainly it is an unendurable result if the enormous majority of civilized mankind are for ever to be debarred from the highest possible happiness.

The second offspring of poverty in these working regions of our city is waste. And we have called waste the twin brother of unhappiness because the two are very much alike. By waste we do not here mean the death-rate of infants, though that stands at one in four. No one, except an exploiter of labor, would desire a mere increase in the workpeople's number without considering the quality of the increase. But by waste we mean the multitudes of boys and girls who never get a chance of fulfilling their inborn capacities. The country's greatest shame and disaster arise from the custom whereby the line between the educated and the uneducated follows the line between the rich and the poor, almost without deviation. That a na-

ture capable of high development should be precluded by poverty from all development is the deepest of personal and natural disasters, though it happen, as it does happen, several thousand times a year. Physical waste is bad enough—the waste of strength and health that could easily be retained by fresh air, open spaces and decent food, and is so retained among well-to-do children. This physical waste has already created such a broad distinction that foreigners coming among us detect two species of the English people, and Indians on arriving are horrified to realize that the boasted Imperial race consists of a majority so degraded in appearance as our working-men and women. But the mental waste is worse. It is a subject that Mr. Paterson dwells upon, and he speaks with authority, as one who has taught in the Board Schools and knows the life of the people across the bridges from the banana-box to the grave.

"Boys who might become classical scholars," he writes, "stick labels on to parcels for ten years, others who have literary gifts clear out a brewer's vat. Real thinkers work as porters in metal warehouses, and after shouldering iron fittings for eleven hours a day, find it difficult to set their minds in order. . . . With even the average boy there is a marked waste of mental capital between the ages of ten and thirty, and the aggregate loss to the country is heavy indeed."

At fourteen, just when the "education" of well-to-do boys is beginning, the working boys' education stops. For ten or eleven years he has been happy at school. He has looked upon school as a place of enjoyment—of interest, kindness, warmth, cleanliness, and even quiet of a kind. The school methods of education may not be the best. Mr. Paterson points out all that is implied in the distinction between the "teachers" of the Board

Schools and the "masters" of the public schools. Too much is put in, not enough drawn out from the child's own mind. The teacher cannot think much of individual natures, when faced with a class of sixty. Yet it would be difficult to overrate the service of the Board Schools as training grounds for manners, and anyone who has known the change in our army within twenty-five years will understand what we mean. Nevertheless, at fourteen the boy has often reached his highest mental and spiritual development. When he leaves school, shades of the prison-house begin to close upon him. He jumps at any odd job that will bring in a few shillings to the family fund. He becomes beer-boy, barber's boy, van-boy, paper-boy, and in a year or two he is cut out by the younger generation knocking at the door. He has learnt nothing; he falls out of work; he wanders from place to place. By the time he is twenty-two, just when the well-to-do are "finishing their education," his mind is dulled, his hope and interest gone, his only ambition is to get a bit of work and keep it. At the best he develops into the average working-man of the regions we have called unknown. Mr. Paterson thus describes the class:—

These are the steady bulk of the community, insuring the peace of the district by their habits and opinions far more effectively than any vigilance of police or government. Yet, if they are indeed satisfactory, how low are the civic standards of England, how fallen the ideals and beauties of Christianity! No man that has dreams can rest content because the English worker has reached his high level of regular work and rare intoxication.

We do not rest content; far from it. But to us the perpetual wonder is, not that "the lower classes are brutalized," but that this brutality is so tempered with generosity and sweetness. It is not their crime that surprises us, but

their virtue; not their turbulence or discontent, but their inexplicable acquiescence. "O sacred head, O desecrate, O labor-wounded feet and hands," cried the poet before a Crucifix of the Son of Man, and to-day is a fitting time to remember the words.

The Nation.

And yet there are still people who sneer at "the mob," "the vulgar herd," "the great unwashed," as though principles, gentility, and soap were privileges in reward of merit, and not the accidental luck of money's chaotic distribution.

THE CORONATION SERVICE.

The "form and order" of the Coronation Service and of "the ceremonies that are to be observed" has been issued in various shapes and at various prices by the King's Printers (Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, East Harding Street, E.C.) and we may employ the occasion of re-reading this noble service to look into its religious and political meaning. Gladstone wrote of the Coronation Service with passionate admiration. What are the underlying ideas which appealed to him, and which shine through the whole service in its relation to the people? The Service is, as Gladstone said, a thing by which the religion of the nation is attested. It is like the compact made at the accession of a Jewish King—a covenant between the Lord and the King and the people. The King is reminded that he owes allegiance to God and justice to his people; the obligations of the people to render homage and obedience to the King are demanded on the condition that the King obeys the Divine law, and administers justice in the light of that law; and both King and people avow their conviction of the unalterable mercy and guidance of the Almighty on condition that their part of the covenant be observed. Although the Service is, one might almost say, lyrical in its spirit of devotion, there is no insistence whatever on purely distinguishing Anglican doctrines. It is a Service which any Christian might join in without dissent.

We hear so much of the Coronation, that the public might easily pass into thinking that the Coronation is a kind of pageant of which the symbols mean very little beyond keeping up a tradition. Owing to gossip, the influx of visitors, and the power of a popular Press, it might happen by one means or another that the significance of the Coronation would be lost in an orgy of secondary meanings. The only corrective of that distorted yet inevitable tendency is to read the Service. If ever there was a form of words which causes all the tokens and trappings of an ancient usage to fall into their proper places and serve the central and most simple purpose of the ceremony, it is this Service. The King holds the nation in trust, and never has greater emphasis been laid on the profound responsibilities of that trust. One might be casually led to think of the Coronation as an excessive act of homage to the King, on whom all attention is concentrated. Nothing could be wider of the truth. As one reads the Service one is rather impressed by the thought that a King, exceptionally sensible of the nature of his charge, could hardly bear up under the burden of responsibility loaded upon him and urged with all the emphasis of weighty words. The person of the King, we mean, enjoys the homage of the people only as the embodiment of the trust confided to his keeping. From the first word to the last there is not a breath or shadow

of sycophancy. The Service is worthy of a free people—worthy of a people who rationally but devotedly believe in the convenience and efficacy of a constitutional hereditary monarchy.

The Service is a selection from words and usages which go back to the earliest times. The accretion of ceremonies hundreds of years ago had already become so unmanageable that an abridgement of the Coronation became inevitable. In a history of the Coronations, "The Coronation Book," by the Rev. Jocelyn Perkins (Sir I. Pitman, second edition, 7s. 6d. net), we are reminded that Richard II., worn out with the protracted rites, was carried fainting from the Abbey. Parts of the ceremony gradually fell into disuse, but the whole was still inordinately long. After the Coronation of George IV., for example, the procession of the Regalia was abandoned. This fine and telling ceremony was revived at the Coronation of Edward VII., and the present form of Service (with the possible exception of the sermon, which, however, is expressly required to be short) seems to have brought us to a point where nothing can be sacrificed without spoiling the historical grandeur of the office.

As Mr. Perkins says, the Coronation is in danger of losing some of its meaning through being performed so long after accession. The "sacring" of a King with the holy oil undoubtedly expressed more to Englishmen, say before the time of Queen Anne, than it expresses to us to-day. The unction was supposed to invest the King with peculiar powers, and he emerged from the ceremony possessed of a dual character, half cleric, half lay—a *mixta persona*:—

Not all the water in the rough, rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed King.

The divine aid was, and is, invoked upon the Sovereign in the same manner

as upon Bishops; and the episcopal character of the vestments worn by the King is plain to the eye. "The Recognition," as it is called, of the King and Queen very early in the Service, takes one back to the ancient custom of electing a King:—

The King and Queen being so placed, the Archbishop shall turn to the East part of the Theatre, and after, together with the Lord Chancellor, Lord Great Chamberlain, Lord High Constable and Earl Marshal (Garter King of Arms preceding them), shall go to the other three sides of the Theatre in this order, South, West, and North, and at every of the four sides shall with a loud voice speak to the people; and the King in the mean while standing up by his chair; shall turn and show himself unto the People at every of the four sides of the Theatre as the Archbishop is at every of them, the Archbishop saying:

"Sirs, I here present unto you King GEORGE, the undoubted King of this Realm: Wherefore all you who are come this day to do your homage and service, Are you willing to do the same?"

The People signify their willingness and joy, by loud and repeated acclamations, all with one voice crying out,

"God save King GEORGE."

Then the trumpets shall sound.

William the Conqueror, as we know, was anxious to secure his position by exacting the expression of popular consent—i.e., the consent of election—when he received the crown from Archbishop Eldred. The "Yea, yea!" of the people was, unhappily, taken by the Norman soldiers to be a hostile shout, and they fired the houses of the Saxons. Two or three times the suggestion of popular election is to be found still embedded in the Service. One may find a counterpart to the survival of these suggestions in the fact that anyone has a right to attend the gathering of Privy Councillors and other notable persons who assemble on the demise of the Crown to proclaim the new King, and

also to sign his name to the proclamation. That assembly is not a meeting of the Privy Council but in truth represents the Witan and so the tradition of popular election.

The promises exacted from the King are sobering indeed:—

Will you solemnly promise and swear to govern the people of this United Kingdom of *Great Britain and Ireland*, and the Dominions thereto belonging, according to the Statutes in Parliament agreed on, and the respective Laws and Customs of the same?

King. I solemnly promise so to do.

Archbishop. Will you to your power cause Law and Justice in Mercy to be executed in all your judgments?

King. I will.

Archbishop. Will you to the utmost of your power maintain the Laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant Reformed Religion established by law? And will you maintain and preserve inviolably the settlement of the Church of *Eng-*

The Spectator.

land, and the doctrine, worship, discipline and government thereof, as by law established in *England*? And will you preserve unto the Bishops and Clergy of *England*, and to the Churches there committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges, as by law do or shall appertain to them, or any of them?

King. All this I promise to do.

No sooner is the King crowned than the choir adjures him in delightfully direct and simple words:—"Be strong and play the man: keep the commandments of the Lord, thy God, and walk in His ways." Nor must we forget the excellent words—as moving as any in the whole ceremony—with which the Dean of Westminster gives a copy of the Bible to the King:—

Our gracious King; we present you with this Book, the most valuable thing that this world affords. Here is wisdom; this is the royal Law; these are the lively Oracles of God.

THE INTERNATIONAL SPY: AN EXTRAORDINARY DEVELOPMENT.

A number of police and diplomatic revelations in recent months have called attention to the extraordinary and threatening development which the international spy has taken in the world behind the scenes at the present day. Many circumstances have combined to render his sinister calling at once more easy and more formidable. From the telephone to the aeroplane, from the abolition or facilitation of passports to the cosmopolitanism of newspapers, commercial agencies, and Stock Exchanges, there is everywhere the means of sudden communication and surreptitious profits to an extent incredible in times not very remote from our own. A Cairene broker's assistant, by first spying on the domestic secrets of an extravagant prince,

can set his foot on the ladder which conducts him to the directorate of one of Europe's greatest newspapers; and every foot of his tortuous progress is marked by secret transactions with dangerous accomplices and public catastrophes to trusting dupes. Great agglomerations of alien populations in almost every country afford ready sympathizers to the spy, facile aids to his inquisitions and investigations, dexterous informants in his search for knowledge, devoted accomplices, bound by the shibboleths of race and tradition. When the agents of law or government are pressing hard upon the traces of the betrayer of national security. It was easier for the ministers of justice to track an escaping criminal from den to den in the Alsatia at Whitefriars or

in the Liberties of Westminster two hundred years ago than it is to-day to watch or capture the subtle thief of public secrets who is protected by the fraternity of calling and kinship from Houndsditch to Odessa.

The scandal at the *Quai d'Orsay*, as the Paris Press is accustomed to entitle the disclosure of diplomatic secrets by a subordinate of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, may serve to illustrate the unscrupulous skill of the spy as well as the extent of his operations and the variety of his methods and occupations. The world-wide system, indeed, by which a grave and cultured Oriental, a Jew from the Turkish province of Mesopotamia, was able to offer the most intimate documents of the French Foreign Office for purchase by London newspapers, cosmopolitan concession-hunters at Constantinople, or Italian and German Governments reasonably suspected of a desire to pry into French policy, forms a phenomenon of modern development that has too many counterparts. The many-tongued Maimon from Bagdad—his very name reminiscent of the great Maimonides of the Middle Ages who is the pride of Jewish philosophy—seems to have qualified himself from his earliest years for the practice of the peculiar profession which he and his class love to exercise. Speaking most European as well as most Levantine tongues, he possessed the linguistic key to half the back-doors between the Tigris and the Thames. He became a gatherer of information. Information of all kinds and any kind. For the merchant of such wares there are the most various descriptions of buyers to be found. A common pretext and a common object of the collection of news is to supply the Press. There are so many papers, and there are so many sorts of information which are in demand. Besides, to supply the Press is a handy cloak for supplying

other clients as well. And if the offer of purloined intelligence to an attaché fails to result in a bargain, then there is the chance of disposing of the venture to an editor, even an American one. In addition to politics and the Press there is the Stock Exchange. Early knowledge of a State secret may be far more valuable on the Bourse than up the back-stairs of an embassy or a legation.

The cosmopolitan nationality of the international spy immensely assists his quest for the materials of his trade. In nine cases out of ten the persons who are in possession of news or documents which the spy wants to know or to copy, and who are at all likely to be tempted by his offers, are persons who are in financial distress, or who have habits which bring them to the usurer at least occasionally. Here one cosmopolitan comes to the assistance of another cosmopolitan; or, rather, the international spy can get on terms of intimacy and familiarity with all the international money-lenders of the place. Those fowl of a feather have one belief in common; that birds of prey should help one another, unless self-interest oppose. A share of the spoil easily removes the obstacle of self-interest; and the spy learns from the usurer precisely what officials in confidential positions have expensive tastes and deplore the difficulty of indulging them. Means are found to bring the spy and the confidential official together, in some congenial place, at a gaming-table, in a club of doubtful antecedents. The acquaintance is made. The temptation is sketched out. A mere glance at certain papers, or their copies will be repaid liberally, lavishly, and not a soul in the world need ever hear of the transaction. The spy is ready to pledge "his word of honor" that there is no treason in the transaction; that the intelligence is merely wanted for a newspaper; or for

a profitable little flutter on the Stock Exchange. The rank of the tempted official need not be high. It is enough if he has access to official papers. Very often an employé of the lowest rank has habitual access to most important information indeed: when he is an habitual copyist, for instance, and when he enjoys the confidence of bigger men. The third-class official of the French Foreign Office who supplied Malmou with scores of important secrets was a mere copyist. He was not well paid of course; but he had rather expensive tastes. So Malmou paid him a regular salary; and he showed the spy whatever came into his hands. "But there was no treason to France. The papers were used only for private purposes. Malmou had pledged his word of honor to that." The cosmopolitan from Mesopotamia had relations in every city of Europe. He had documents about the Bagdad Railway, about the Potsdam interview. He was ready to sell his secrets in the markets of diplomacy or in the markets of the evening Press. The spy was as affable as he was accommodating.

No more extraordinary and symptomatic example of the international spy could be constructed by the most fertile imagination than has been chronicled in plain matter-of-fact before a Warsaw tribunal of police in the case of the sinister and extraordinary personage, Mosevitch Weysmann, who has just been sentenced to imprisonment for a characteristic crime. Mosevitch Weysmann—observe the instructive blend of Slavic and Yiddish elements in the Moses, Vitch, and Weysmann of this name—came of a family of cosmopolitans settled in Odessa, and having the most extensive relations of perquisition and business around all the coasts of the Black Sea and in the Eastern basin of the Mediterranean. Allied to the formidable and disgusting confederacy of the white slavers, who are always

on the search for the victims of their hideous speculation wherever ignorance and poverty facilitate the commerce in female flesh, Mosevitch Weysmann was already known in 1880 throughout the South of Russia and in the Balkan States as one of the most skillful and ruthless partners in the white-slaving enterprise. Amassing a considerable fortune as a purveyor for the houses of the trade between Buenos Aires and Calcutta, Mosevitch aspired after new worlds to conquer. He travelled through the entire Ottoman Empire, Western Europe, and both Americas, North and South. Returning to the special regions of the partnership, he next settled in Cairo, where a "Turkish Café" included a complete organization for debauchery of every description which could be combined with his original industry. Visiting Odessa to renew acquaintance with kinsmen and allies, he was encouraged to open a branch of his Cairo establishment in the South Russian port; but a narrow escape from arrest and punishment at the plaint of foreign Powers whose subjects had suffered by his enterprise as white slaver, warned him to fly from Russia and the unwelcome attentions of the local chief of the secret police, Inspector Tchekhanof. Assuming the familiar part of "refugee from persecution," Mosevitch escaped to England and devoted himself to all sorts of subterranean practices during several years.

Then occurred a transformation. An ingratiating and peculiarly well-informed stranger presented himself in the capital of Roumania to the Russian Lieutenant-Colonel Boudzilovitch, military attaché at Bucharest. Producing a mass of notes on all kinds of Balkan political movements, Mosevitch persuaded the military attaché that he could keep the Russian Government informed upon most of the intrigues which are always germinating in the

Balkan soil. Not only the Russian, but the Servian and Bulgarian Legations accepted the services of the spy. Pretending, or authorized to act as "Financial Agent of the Russian Ministry of the Interior," Mosevitch took advantage of the revolutionary disorders in Russia to push his audacity to extraordinary lengths. He had a sumptuous mansion in the Bulgarian capital alongside of the Turkish Ministry. Cabinet ministers, deputies, leading journalists, foreign ambassadors consulted his Excellency Mosevitch Weysmann. He was continually travelling between Vienna and Constantinople. At the same time his wife, a former mistress of one of his houses of ill-fame, contrived to obtain the confidence of Queen Draga of Servia, who was then exposed to peculiar anxiety through the lack of an heir to King Alexander II. The famous "false pregnancy" of Queen Draga was arranged by Mosevitch and his worthy spouse, and "an heir-apparent" was procured for presentation to the Servian nation as the child of miracle of the House of Obrenovitch.

After the catastrophe in Servia, Mosevitch entered into confidential relations with the Sultan Abdul Hamid,

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always in quest of spies. At Yildiz Kiosk Mosevitch met the cognate Maimon who is now under lock and key at Paris. Then he appeared at Petersburg, accompanied by financial brethren from Italy, in order to effect a financial reorganization and extension of important houses of debauch in the Russian capital. Protected by his functions as secret political spy he believed that he could extend the white slave trade in Russia under conditions of exceptional favor. But something occurred to direct the attention of the Russian police to the enterprising cosmopolitan. He tried to escape, as he had escaped from the Odessa police inspector, but, alas! Mosevitch was fated this time to be prosecuted. Though no proofs could be obtained for the thousandth part of his infamies, enough was known to send to a cell in a Russian gaol the international spy, the white slaver, the foster-parent of a fictitious Crown Prince, the host and guest of diplomatists and statesmen, the confidant of Abdul Hamid, the accomplice of Maimon of Paris, the prosperous, the persecuted, the all-black-guardly Mosevitch Weysmann, the cosmopolitan pearl from Odessa.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Professor William Cleaver Wilkinson's "Daniel Webster" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) is written as a vindication of Mr. Webster, both as to his public and private character. It is written with zeal, not always tempered with discretion; and it brings together many interesting facts regarding the career and character of the great statesman. But Professor Wilkinson would have done well to restrict himself to prose. His ode on Webster is feeble and tedious. Grouped in the same volume are four

or five other historical or biographical papers.

"Out of Russia" was Professor Shisken, the distinguished physicist, but the Brotherhood to which he had sworn allegiance in his youth laid its commands on his tranquil age, and sent him from his laboratory in New York to cover with a deep-sea dredging expedition its search in the Baltic for buried gold. Of his adventures and those of the fascinating young revolu-

tionist, sent to the United States to intercept a letter gone astray, of the rich American who falls in love with her, the scheming rascal who valets the lover, the burly frontiersman who is brother to the valet, the variety actress who coquettes with the frontiersman, and sundry minor characters, Crittenden Marriott has woven a light, ingenious tale which many readers will find diverting on a summer afternoon. J. B. Lippincott Co.

The title of R. E. Vernède's story "Quietness of Dick" will not, it is to be hoped, mislead the boy readers for whom it is intended, into the assumption that it is an over-quiet tale. On the contrary, there is plenty of excitement in it, and plenty of humor and both of a genuine and unforced quality. We do not recall that Mr. Vernède has before essayed to write for boys, but youngsters of from fourteen to eighteen whose happy lot it is to come upon this book will hope that he may go right on, writing more like it. The book shows the same cleverness which characterizes the author in his writing for older people; and, from the frontispiece which depicts the upset of Dick and Tod to the closing chapter which describes their capture of "Captain François," there are no dull pages. Henry Holt & Co.

Mothers and fathers, grandmamas and grandpapas, aunts and even uncles will enjoy Mary Heaton Vorse's studies of "The Very Little Person." Though the story is continuous, each of its chapters is complete in itself—"The Smile," "The Conquest of the Feet," "The Passing of the Shadow," and the rest of the eight—and each will make a delightful half-hour's reading for the family group. Most amusing of all, intensely realistic and up-to-date, with its picture of the scrupulous young mother and the contemptuous grandmothers looking on, is "The Baby

and the Theory." But none appeals to more varied emotions than the first, which describes the welcome of "Mr. Greatrax's Baby" and his own initiation into the fellowship of fathers. Illustrations in characteristic vein by Rose O'Neill add to the attractiveness of a dainty volume which one would fain buy to give away by the dozen. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The revived interest in Poe will ensure a welcome for the edition of "The Complete Works of Edgar Allan Poe" which Mr. J. H. Whitty has edited, and to which he has prefixed a memoir containing a good deal of fresh information. Mr. Whitty has had access to the files of the Richmond Examiner, the unpublished "Recollections of Poe," written by F. W. Thomas, his associate on the Examiner, and to Poe's own final revisions of the text of his poems. From these sources he has been able to gather several hitherto unpublished poems by Poe, and some others attributed to him, and some fresh biographical material. Mr. Whitty also furnishes full notes and a variorum text of the poems,—this last a task of great difficulty and labor, as Poe continually revised his verse, and few of his poems appear in the same form in any two different editions. Altogether, Mr. Whitty's laborious researches and comparisons, representing the toll of many years, make this the definitive edition of Poe's writings in verse. The illustrations include a portrait never previously reproduced, a view of the Southern Literary Messenger building at Richmond, Virginia, which is still standing, a picture of the desk at which Poe wrote, and a facsimile of a fragment of a poem. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Intensely realistic is Gustav Frensen's latest book, "Flaus Hinrich Baas, The Story of a Self-made Man." Of

sturdy peasant stock from the lower Elbe, young Klaus is left at fifteen, by his father's death, the man of the house, with debts to pay. With extraordinary vividness of detail are described the laborious months spent in working about the Hamburg wharves; the three years of broadening ambition and capacity as a clerk in a commission merchant's office; the period of military service during which Klaus finds time to read and to acquire some knowledge of languages; the four years in India, where he is sent to look up an abandoned tin-mine; the return to civilization, the delight in home-comforts and the ill-considered marriage with a narrow, prim young girl in a town too small to afford any scope for enterprise and too conservative to sympathize with it; the estrangement and separation; the old firm in Hamburg saved from failure, and its rapid, but not incredible, success under his management; the marriage to the daughter of one of the partners; and, finally, the daring venture in Shanghai to retrieve the blunder of a brother-in-law with more respect for tradition than for initiative. As the record of the experiences which make the successful business man, one can hardly praise the book too highly. But the parallel and equally detailed record of the emotions and adventures of adolescence, and of the episode intervening between the two marriages, will give offence to readers whose consciences acquit them of either narrowness or primness. Not only the hero's practice, but his theory, runs directly counter to the received standards of morality, and the frequent and quite uncalled-for intrusion of smutty little stories into the narrative forbids one to excuse its vagaries as those of an idealist. The Macmillan Co.

A story which one cannot praise as it deserves without being suspected of

exaggeration is "People of Popham," by Mary C. E. Wemyss, author of "The Professional Aunt." Simple and natural, full of a gay humor which often flashes into real wit, with an undertone of tenderness and pathos, it is one of the most charming chronicles of village life ever written. Among its characters are Lady Victoria herself, at Great Popham, whose doctor manages her so beautifully, knowing exactly the kind of disease a well-bred woman can have; Sir Popham, who, like lots of simple men, would like to be thought wicked; beautiful Mary Howard with her optimistic, improvident husband and her adoring children; Mrs. Dare, the vicar's wife, explaining to the newcomer, who asks if there is any work she can do, that we have hangings for all seasons of the church's year; Mr. Gray, the curate, of whom Lady Victoria is sure some one must once have proposed to him—it leaves a look and a cautiousness which is unnatural—she can always tell; Mrs. Durnford, the doctor's wife, who labors under the delusion that there is virtue in saying exactly what she thinks; her daughter, fresh from a school in France, with the sort of eyes that mean trouble for some one; the Miss Franklyns with their miniatures, black chairs inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and herbaceous border; old Betsy Marker, who was counted a good washer-up once; Mrs. Mangle, the excellent cook, Mangle, the first-class butler, and their pathetic little encumbrance; Ruth, the donkey, to whom one thistle in the mouth is no doubt worth all the purple distances in the world—all these are sketched with deft, loving touches by Christian Hope, herself, in the opinion of her faithful Jane, "not exactly a maiden lady, for maiden ladies are elderly, as a rule," but with a ripened discrimination and tolerance which do not come to girls in their first youth. Houghton Mifflin Co.